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### LEYDEN'S TRAVELS IN AFRICA.

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HISTORICAL ACCOUNT OF DISCOVERIES AND TRAVELS IN AFRICA; BY THE LATE JOHN LEYDEN, M. D. ENLARGED AND COMPLETED TO THE PRESENT TIME, WITH ILLUSTRATIONS OF ITS GEOGRAPHY AND NATURAL HISTORY, AS WELL AS OF THE MORAL AND SOCIAL CONDITION OF ITS INHABITANTS. BY HUGH MURRAY, ESQ. F.R.S.E. 2 VOLS. WITH MAPS.

THE progress of discovery in Africa has long been an object of peculiar interest; and, since the brilliant discoveries made by Captain Cook and succeeding voyagers, have made known the multitudes of islands with which the Southern and Pacific Oceans are studded, the attention of men of science, has naturally been directed to Africa. This immense continent contains in its bosom a number of extensive, populous, and even civilized kingdoms, all of them imperfectly known, and of some of which even the names have not yet reached Europeans. The spirit of inquiry, thus excited concerning this quarter of the globe, led to the formation, in London, of the Association for promoting the discovery of the Interior Parts of Africa. In unison with their views, the late accomplished Dr. Leyden was led to undertake the historical and philosophical sketch of the discoveries and settlements of European nations in Northern and Western Africa, at the close of the eighteenth century, which forms the basis of the present publication. Having taken Raynal for his model, and possessing singular qualifications for such an undertaking, Dr. L. directed all the energies of his capacious mind to it. His book, when published, was found to correspond to the efforts of

genius and industry with which it had been composed: it soon obtained a wide circulation, not only in this country, but also over the continent. It was translated into German, and is enumerated by Professor Eichhorn among the most valuable materials for the African part of his learned work, entitled "History of the last Three Centuries." Valuable as this compendium was, it was by no means so perfect as the ardent mind of its author designed it should be: and Dr. Leyden, aware of its deficiencies, had actually undertaken a new edition of his Historical Sketch, on a more enlarged scale, embracing the whole continent of Africa. A small part, it appears, was actually written, and is engrafted by Mr. Murray in his volumes; but Dr. L.'s departure for India, and his subsequent premature death, unfortunately prevented its accomplishment.

In undertaking the completion of Dr. Leyden's plan, Mr. Murray has not only included the whole of Africa, but has endeavoured to trace the progress of discovery from the earliest ages,—a task indeed, of no small difficulty, but which has been most ably executed. Originally our author designed to preserve Dr. Leyden's portion of the narrative, distinct from his own additions; but ultimately

found it necessary to take down the parts of Dr. Leyden's performance, and to arrange them anew, on the more comprehensive plan which he has adopted. In this Mr. Murray has shewn great judgment, and in a note he has subjoined a list, which will enable the reader at once to trace the parts of the work for which he is indebted to Dr. Leyden.

After two introductory chapters, which present an able sketch of the progress of discovery, from the earliest ages to the commencement of maritime enterprize in modern Europe, Mr. Murray divides his work into three books. The first book treats on the progress of modern discovery in the *interior* of Africa; which, being a subject of peculiar interest, occupies the whole of the first volume. This portion includes the discoveries of the Portuguese, and their travels in Congo; the discoveries made by the French; the early discoveries of the English travellers in the Saara, or Great Desert; the institution and proceedings of the African Association for promoting the discovery of the interior of Africa; and well-digested abstracts of Mr. Park's two journeys, of Mr. Browne's Travels in Dar-Fur, of Adams's and Riley's Narratives of their respective shipwrecks, captures and residences in Tombuctoo. We shall at present confine our attention to some particulars respecting the *earlier* discoveries of the Portuguese.

The spirit of discovery and of maritime enterprize, which had lain dormant in Europe during the long series of the middle ages, burst forth in the fifteenth century with an energy almost unparalleled. And it is not a little remarkable that, among all the states of Europe, the lead should have been taken by Portugal, a power which did not seem destined to act any great part on the theatre of the world. The progress and successive discoveries of the Portuguese along the coast of Africa, are known to most readers through Dr. Robertson's interesting narrative prefixed to his History of America; but few are aware of their vast exertions to penetrate into the interior of Africa, which were attended with such success, that they reached further in every direction than has been attained by any modern travellers, except Messrs. Park and Browne.

"The encouragement afforded by the royal family, and the general excitement throughout the nation, gave a sufficient impulse to the career into which the Portuguese nation had entered. Yet, into the most splendid of human enterprises, there usually enters some odd and capricious mixture. The glory of the Portuguese name, the discovery of new worlds, even the opening of the sources of golden wealth, were all considered as subordinate to the higher aim of discovering the abode of a person, who was known in Europe under the uncouth appellation of *Prester John*. The origin of this mysterious name, which formed the guiding star to the Portuguese in their career of discovery, is somewhat difficult to trace. It attached itself originally to the centre of Asia, where it was reported by the early travellers, particularly by Rubruquis, that a Christian monarch of that name actually resided. The report probably arose from a confused rumour of the Grand Lama, or priest-sovereign of Thibet. The search accordingly, in that direction, proved altogether fruitless. At length it was rumoured very confidently, that, on the eastern coast of Africa, there did exist a Christian sovereign, whose dominions stretched far into the interior. Thenceforth it appeared no longer doubtful, that this was the real *Prester John*, and that the search had hitherto been made in a wrong direction. The maps of Ptolemy, then the sole guide of geographical enquirers, were spread out; and, on viewing in them the general aspect of the continent, it was inferred, incorrectly indeed, yet not unplausibly, that an empire, which stretched so far inward from the eastern coast, must approximate to the western; and that, by penetrating deep on that side, they could scarcely fail at length to reach its frontier. For this reason, whenever an expedition was sent out to any part of the coast, the first instruction given was, to inquire diligently if the inhabitants knew any thing of the monarch in question. Every opportunity was also to be embraced, of penetrating into the interior; and, on hearing the name of any sovereign, an embassy was to be sent to ascertain, if he either was *Prester John*, or could throw any light as to where that personage might be found."



In quest of this imaginary sovereign, the Portuguese penetrated to a considerable distance into the interior, and formed settlements on the banks of the rivers Senegal and Gambia. A variety of political and other circumstances combined to favour their progress; and ultimate success would, in all probability, have crowned their enterprize, if the missionaries, who were selected from the most rigid order of monastics, sanctioned by the church of Rome, had not frustrated every attempt at further discovery. Although the negroes, in various districts, came in crowds to be baptized, and generally received the instructions of the good fathers with sufficient willingness, yet they were not equally disposed to give up many of their national usages, and especially polygamy; and on these occasions, the superstitious notions of the monks did not always tend to conciliate the good will of their new converts. Of their bigotry, Mr. Murray has given several curious examples; but we have only room for the following:—

In the year 1655, two missionaries were sent from the Portuguese settlement of Massignano, or Massangano, to convert the inhabitants of Maopongo, a singular rocky district in the upper part of Congo.

“The people, as usual, came in crowds to be baptized, and a great part of the nation was soon outwardly Christian. The missionaries, however, when they came to touch on their private life, and to insist on the reduction of their domestic establishments, encountered the usual obstacles. They found, in particular, that the favour of the monarch was thus entirely forfeited. That prince reproached them with disturbing the peace of the state, by introducing innovations, of which no one had ever before had the remotest idea. He added, that the harshness of their deportment was such, as rather tended to frighten the people from the profession of Christianity, than to allure them to embrace it. The fathers treat this last charge as the clearest proof of inveterate malignity; yet some circumstances, of which they themselves boast, may excite doubts in the mind of the reader, whether the strictures of the monarch were so wholly unfounded. Meeting with one of the queens, who,

with a numerous train, was giving the air to an idol, and singing its praise, the missionary stopped her, and began a long discourse, to shew the vanity of this worship. Seeing, however, that his arguments were of no avail, he determined to employ a sharper instrument—the whip. Such was the awe of the missionaries, that not one of the attendants attempted to defend their mistress in this extremity. The father, therefore immediately directed his two attendants to begin the work of flagellation. In proportion as the blows descended on the sacred person of her majesty, her understanding, he says, was gradually opened; so that, when a due number had been applied, she declared herself wholly unable to withstand such sensible proofs of the excellence of their doctrine. The fair convert, however, is not said to have expressed gratitude for this mode of delivering her from the errors of paganism; nor would it appear, as if she reported the occurrence very favourably to the King. That monarch shewed, ever after, the most marked coldness to the missionaries, and was evidently deterred, only by the dread of the Portuguese power, from banishing them instantly out of his dominions. The only thing which they could now do, was to steal secretly into the idols' temples, and set them on fire. By this proceeding, they exposed themselves to imminent hazard of their lives, and incurred the furious displeasure of the king. The ladies of the court, too, who did not approve the mode of conversion which had been adopted in their case, resolved to avenge the cause of their sex. For this purpose, they chose the opposite bank of a rivulet which flowed before the garden of the missionaries as their place of bathing, where they exhibited themselves during the whole day, often in very indecent attitudes. The afflicted fathers laid their distress before the king, but soon found the evil doubled by this proof of the effect which it had produced. They had, at last, no remedy but to build a high wall in front of their garden.

“The next affair had a more satisfactory termination. One of the fathers happening to go into a smith's shop, entered into religious conversation, and endeavoured to inculcate the truth, that

there was only one God. The smith, smiling, observed that he was mistaken, —there was another; and in reply to the eager inquiry which this statement excited, added, that this other was himself. On investigation, it accordingly proved, that he had a numerous train of adorers, who maintained, that the admirable works which came from his hand, could be produced only by supernatural power. The fathers instantly dragged this new divinity before the tribunal of the king. That prince, who had himself some pretensions to deity, did not choose to have a rival among his own subjects. He delivered, therefore the smith-god into the hands of the missionaries, to be reduced to a mortal in any manner they might deem expedient. Finding argument vain, they had speedy recourse to their *ultima ratio*—the whip. All the votaries of Vulcan fled, when they saw their master reduced to such an extremity. He himself, however, continued to assert his dignity, till the blood began to stream from his back and shoulders, when he feelingly admitted that there was one God only, and that one not himself. In order to impress this important truth more deeply on his mind, the missionaries continued the “salutary flagellation” for some time longer, when they at length dismissed him.

“The missionaries finding now, that they had lost all credit and favour, both with court and people, judged it advisable to return to Massignano.”

However successful these missionaries were in their labours, they were frequently exposed to very considerable privations and personal sufferings. We extract the following from Mr. Murray's very amusing account of the labours of the missionary Carli, who was sent to Congo in 1666. The chief circumstance by which the worthy fathers' journey was diversified, appears to have been the peril and alarm from the approach of wild beasts.

“Our author felt no small trepidation, when, lying asleep in his hammock, in one of the libattes, he heard, on the other side of the hedge, three great lions, “roaring that they made the earth shake.” Happily the hedge proved too high for them; and Carli, in the morning, finding that his companion's rest had been undis-

turbed, warmly congratulated him on his escape, since otherwise, “he might have gone to Heaven, without knowing which way.” Soon after, as they were travelling, a still more serious alarm arose. A conflagration kindled at some distance, drove towards them all the wild beasts of the district. The negroes immediately sprung to the tops of trees; and the worthy fathers, little accustomed to such feats of agility, were with difficulty dragged up by ropes. There was no time to be lost; for such a host immediately arrived, that the whole party “would scarcely have been one good meal for them.” He enumerates tigers, lions, wolves, pocasses, and rhinoceroses. These all looked up, and eyed them very earnestly; but the fire behind, and the arrows which the negroes shot down upon them, speedily induced them to forbear any further pause.”

After residing in Congo a short time, Carli “began to feel his health impaired by the influence of the climate. This would have affected him less, had it not been for some local annoyances to which he was exposed. The walls of his apartment being of fat, ill-cemented clay, nourished a colony of very large rats. These treated him with no ceremony, and established indeed a sort of highway across his person, on which severe and frequent bites were consequently inflicted. The bed was moved to every corner of the room; but “these cursed creatures always found him out.” His next plan was to cause all his negroes to lie round the bed on mats, like a species of body guards. The rats, however found their way over every impediment; and, as each of the negroes had “some wild and disagreeable smell,” their presence formed a serious aggravation to the evil. Under this complication of distress, he determined at length to lay the whole case before the Grand Duke. That prince presented him with a monkey, which was strongly scented with musk, and which was found sufficient to deliver him from all his evils. Its rapid movements deterred the rats from approaching; while the effluvia of the musk corrected the unsavoury odours which issued from his sleeping companions. After being freed from all these annoyances, however, he had nearly been overtaken



by another still more serious. One night as he lay fast asleep, the negroes waked him by the exclamation of "out, out!" and, as he was unable to move, they laid hold of him, for the purpose of dragging him away. The father imploring to know the motive of such usage, they could only cry "the ants, the ants." In fact, on looking downwards, he perceived his legs covered with those insects, who were making rapid progress towards his trunk; and before he had passed the threshold, the floor was overlaid with them to the depth of half a foot. The missionary was deposited in the garden, till a quantity of straw being collected and set on fire, either consumed or drove away these formidable invaders. Carli then returned to bed; but the ants had left such a stench, as the most diligent use of the monkey was scarcely sufficient to counteract. He was assured, however, that, but for this abrupt removal, he would infallibly have been eaten up; and that cows were often found in the morning with nothing left but the bones, all the rest having been consumed by those insects. "God be praised," says he, therefore, "that my body was not devoured by them alive."\*

After encountering various perils by sea, the worthy father safely reached the coast of Brazil.

The second volume of Mr. Murray's work comprizes the second and third books. The former exhibits the discoveries in the maritime countries, beginning with Abyssinia, the chief native power, and thence making the circuit of Africa. In this part, we have been much pleased with his abstract of the voyages of the Portuguese, who, in the person of Prete Janni, the Emperor of Abyssinia, discovered the long-sought Prester John. A Portuguese mission was of course established, but ultimately terminated in the expulsion of the Portuguese and their missionaries from that empire. The travels of father Lobo, Bruce, and Salt, are

\* The ants by which our traveller was so grievously annoyed, are undoubtedly the insect properly called *Termites*, which abound prodigiously over all Western Africa. Golberry says, they might be called its scourge, if their extraordinary power of devastation were not employed in consuming substances that would otherwise prove noxious. He confirms the fact, that large animals, even elephants, if wounded, and unable to move, are often entirely eaten up in a very short time.

next considered; and Mr. Bruce's veracity, in all material points, is fully established by our author. The descriptions of Egypt and of the western coast are from the pen of Dr. Leyden, and exhibit a masterly but condensed view of all the information which can be collected from the writings of successive travellers. From this part of the work, we extract the following passages, not merely as a specimen of Dr. L.'s performance, but also because it will enable us to present to our readers some account of Mr. Legh's adventurous travels in Upper Egypt and Nubia; which from a variety of circumstances, we have not hitherto had an opportunity of noticing.

"That spirit of enterprise, by which English travellers have of late been so remarkably distinguished, has extended itself to the course of the Nile above Egypt; a tract which has been proved to exhibit a continuation of that series of wonders, which mark every part of its progress from Cairo to Philæ. Of this spirit of inquiry, the only detailed result which has yet been laid before the public, consists in the recent narrative of Mr. Legh. We shall take it up at the cataracts above Syene. Mr. Legh confirms the report of all modern travellers, that these cataracts present nothing of the grandeur which some passages in the ancient writers would lead us to expect. It may, perhaps, be a question, whether these writers did not confound this with the yet unexplored cataract of Genadil? Those of Syene are formed merely by the river forcing its way in a contracted channel among rocks of granite, or rather syenite, which form several ledges across it; but boys, for a trifle, will swim over them. The aspect of the scene, however, is very imposing. "The wild disorder of the granite rocks, which present every variety of grotesque shape, the absence of all cultivation, the murmur of the water, and the savage and desolate character of the whole scene, form a picture which exceeds all power of description." On passing this cataract, the aspect of the country is entirely changed. The valley of Upper Egypt, which had not before extended above a few miles in breadth, is entirely closed in, and the mountains scarcely leave a few patches, on which dates can be planted. The varied population of Egypt

disappears, and is supplanted by a native race called Barabras, the same which, on Atlas, are called Brebers or Berebbers, for the tribe of Nuba, who have given name to this portion of Africa, are situated much farther up, and to the west of Abyssinia. The Barabras are described as rigid Mahometans, yet a harmless, frank, and honest people. At Siala, Mr. Legh met a chief, called the Douab Cacheff, from whom he met a hospitable reception, and ready permission to proceed up the river. Passing Deghimeer and El Umbarakat, at which last place there are considerable ruins, the travellers arrived at Kalaptsh, situated three miles above an island of the same name, and which presented a magnificent temple, though in a state of great dilapidation. Soon after, they came to a still more remarkable object, the excavated temple at Guerfeh Hassan, which appeared to Mr. Legh superior to every thing else he had seen both above and below Syene. The outer court is sixty-four feet in length, and thirty-six in breadth. The interior consists of three chambers; the largest of which is forty-six and a half feet in length, thirty-five wide, and twenty-two in height. The entrance into the chamber is formed by three immense columns, to which are attached double the number of colossal statues, each eighteen and a half feet in height. The whole is cut out of the living rock, and forms certainly a work of immense labour, though, in comparing it to the general scale of Egyptian architecture, the praises of Mr. Legh may appear somewhat extravagant. These excavations bear such a resemblance to the Indian ones of Elephanta and Ellora, as may indicate an early communication between the two nations: unless we suppose, that the same state of government and society might in both cases produce similar effects.

"At Dakki, nine miles above Guerfeh Hassan, was found a temple, in very fine preservation. The height of the propylon is fifty feet; the front ninety, and the depth at the base eighteen feet. The temple itself, sixty-six feet distant from the propylon, is eighty-four feet in length, thirty in breadth, and twenty-four in height. The hieroglyphics are almost quite entire, and many Greek inscriptions

are cut on the propylon. The next remarkable temple is that at Sibhoi, which presented a specimen of pure Egyptian architecture. It appears, however, to be of an earlier date, and built in a ruder style, than those below the cataracts; but it is much better preserved. This is imputed to the mild and equable climate. The only source of destruction to which it is exposed, consists in the accumulation of sand which is wafted by the winds of the desert, and which seems gradually encroaching on all the cultivated districts in this part of Africa.

"On the ninth day after leaving Syene, Mr. Legh arrived at Dehr, the residence of Hassan Cacheff, the sovereign of this district. The Cacheff, a tall handsome young man, was half drunk when they were introduced. He asked them roughly what they wanted, and why they came to Dehr? On coming to particulars, it was intimated, that a fine Damascus blade, worth 500 piastres, would secure permission to proceed up the river. This arrangement had not entered into Mr. Legh's contemplation; in lieu of the sword he proffered a watch, being the present destined for the Cacheff, but it was contemptuously rejected, as an article of the use of which he had not the remotest idea. Mr. Legh was, therefore, finally obliged to produce the sword, and he then received permission to proceed in any direction he chose. The next stage was Ibrim, about half a day's journey beyond Dehr; but it had been entirely destroyed by the Mamelukes. The recent communication with the Cacheff, however, seems to have cooled our traveller's zeal for proceeding farther; he returned to Dehr, and from thence again descended the Nile.

"Mr. Legh is not the only traveller who is now endeavouring to penetrate Africa in this direction. At Siout, and near Dehr, he met a gentleman bearing the name of Shekh Ibrahim, but who was in reality a Mr. Burchardt,\* employed in exploring the continent under the auspices of the African Association. He had first been robbed, and detained prisoner for six months among the Bedouin Arabs. Before the last interview he had been living in the villages of the desert, upon lentiles, bread and water,

[\* See account of the death of this gentleman, *Ath.* Vol. III. p. 120. See also vol. II. p. 320.]



which had given him altogether the thin and meagre appearance of a common Arab. He set out, however, full of enterprize and enthusiasm, for the southward. His spirit, knowledge of languages, and talent for observation, appeared to fit him very peculiarly for this undertaking.

“Another English gentleman, Mr. Banks, has pushed on as far as the second cataract, or that of Genadil. This is ground trodden by no modern European: for Bruce struck off near Chendi, and crossed the desert *east* of the Nile to Syene; while Poncet travelled from Siout to Moscho, through the desert, on the *west* of that river. Mr. Banks’s observations are said to be very important. He discovered the remains of statues which somewhat surpass even the colossal proportions of the Memnonian. One, which was buried in the ground, presented a head measuring twelve feet from the chin upwards; which, allowing seven heads for the dimensions of the body, would give a height of eighty-four feet. In another place, the whole side of a mountain was cut away, so as to form a perpendicular wall, chiselled out into regular columns with capitals, and adorned with numerous hieroglyphics; the whole forming the front of a magnificent temple. He brought away also a number of inscriptions and paintings, the latter representing chiefly animals and ancient religious mysteries.

“The Mamelukes it appears, in their flight from Egypt, have established themselves at Dongola, where they have formed a species of petty state. They have addicted themselves to pasturage and agriculture, and have even built a few vessels upon the Nile. Their number does not exceed five hundred; but they have armed three or four thousand of their

negro slaves, and have built a wall round Dongola, to protect it against the Arabs. Their chieftain, Osmyn Bey, made a vow, that he would neither shave his head nor his beard till his triumphal entry into Cairo; but this promises to be quite an empty threat. Their establishment at Dongola, however, must form a barrier against any European traveller penetrating farther in this direction.”

For the remainder of the second volume, comprising the account of Barbary, Southern Africa, and the eastern coast, and also for the geographical illustrations, and views of the present state of Africa, (forming the third book) we are indebted to Mr. Murray, with the exception of a general view of the natural history of this continent, by Professor Jameson. In this last division of his work, our author has attempted to exhibit, as a branch of the history of science, a view of the progress of inquiry and speculation relative to this continent, from the earliest ages, rather than to indulge in present conjectures, which a few years (it may be hoped) would render superfluous. An appendix, containing several translations of scarce and curious passages from some of the early geographers, relating to central Africa, and a list of the best works tending to illustrate the geography of this continent, terminate this valuable accession to geographical science; which is illustrated by numerous elegant maps, executed with the greatest care and from authentic materials.

We cannot conclude this article without expressing our acknowledgments to the author for the great fund of information which he has collected and arranged with equal ability and judgment in these elegantly executed volumes, which only want an index, to render them a standard work of reference.

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## ON MODERN POETS.—LORD BYRON.

From the New Monthly Magazine, March 1818.

**W**HATEVER form poetry assume, whether didactic, descriptive, or narrative, it is indispensable, either that the materials be of a dignified nature, or at least susceptible of being invested with adventitious ornaments. While the historian must sink with his subject, the

poet has the lofty privilege of omitting what is disagreeable, of softening what is harsh, and exalting what is mean. Except therefore, when introduced for the sake of contrast, criticism holds him inexcusable in dwelling on vulgar or shocking scenes. In this case the blame must

be wholly in the bias of his own taste. Dr. Johnson, in his "*Lives of the English Poets*," thus finely comments on the unaccountable predilection which Swift appears to have indulged for filthy and abominable objects:—"It is difficult to conceive by what depravity of intellect he took delight in revolving ideas from which almost every other mind shrinks with disgust. The ideas of pleasure, even when criminal, may solicit the imagination; but what has disease, deformity, or filth, upon which the thoughts can be allured to dwell." It is still more inconceivable that a writer should, without necessity, allow his imagination to revel among ideas that are purely barbarous and shocking. Of this character is the following extraordinary passage in one of Lord Byron's late poems, from the perusal of which it is impossible that the coarsest mind could receive gratification. North American savages, when fired by rage and revenge, might utter such descriptions, but I should not expect that, supposing they were able, they would sit down calmly and write them. "It is strange," then, "it is passing strange," that a poet who affects a degree of delicacy almost superhuman, should apparently design this odious and disgusting picture as an ornament to his work:—

And he saw the lean dogs beneath the wall  
Hold o'er the dead their carnival.

Gorging and growling o'er carcase and limb,  
They were too busy to bark at him!  
From a Tartar's skull they had stripped the flesh;  
As they peel the fig when the fruit is fresh;  
And their white tusks crunch'd o'er the white  
skull,  
And slipp'd thro' their jaws when their edge grew dull,  
As they lazily mumbled the bones, &c.

I should not have quoted such lines, were it not necessary to mark them with express reprobation, not only on account of the popularity of their author, but because they are selected by the *Edinburgh Reviewers* as particularly beautiful!—These writers, conscious of their great abilities, sometimes impose their opinions on the public in a manner too overbearing and authoritative. They appear particularly conceited of their skill in poetical matters, although perhaps they are more in their element on subjects less refined. On several occasions, as in the review of Hogg's *Poems*, they have broadly enough insinuated their influence in directing the public taste. With regard to our noble poet, they boast of "having been the first who proclaimed the rising of this luminary in the poetical horizon." This may be true; an author is often indebted for his fame to accidental causes; this glorious luminary might perhaps have wasted its splendour on the desert sky, had not, happily, these critics enlightened the dim eyes of their contemporaries.

E. LEMPRIERE.

Holborn; Dec. 21, 1817.

## MR. PANANTI'S CAPTIVITY IN ALGIERS.

From the New Monthly Magazine, March 1818.

The late British expedition against Algiers has had the effect of heightening the interest, especially in continental Europe, of every thing connected with the States of Barbary. But for that expedition it is probable that the curious work published last year at Florence by Mr. Filippo Pananti, in two 8vo. vols. would not have seen the light. I have reason to believe that the following extracts from this work, with remarks by Mr. Sismonde de Sismondi, one of the most celebrated living historians, will be acceptable to your readers, and more particularly to such of them as were acquainted with the author during his long residence in this country.

Mr. Pananti is a scholar of Tuscany, who during the revolution, removed to England. Having there amassed a little fortune he felt desirous of returning to his native land, and embarked at Portsmouth in a Sicilian vessel bound to Palermo. From an extraordinary oversight he neither mentions the year of his return, though it appears to have been 1812, nor the date nor season of any of the events he relates. The Sicilian captain refused to join an English convoy,

and also to stop at the small island of St. Pierre near Sardinia, where he was informed that the Algerine squadron was abroad, and obstinately put to sea, when all the passengers expected to remain several days in the road. The author thus proceeds:

WE passed a dismal and anxious night. I had just closed my eyes for a moment when the Chevalier Rossi, who had risen with the sun, came to inform me that the same vessels which we had seen the preceding day were still in view. I sprung from my bed and hurried upon deck where all was distress and confusion. I questioned the sailors and the steersman, but they returned only abrupt answers in a tremulous voice. The six sail then appeared as so many almost imperceptible specks on the vast



bosom of the waves. We beheld them grow larger and approach us, like the small cloud so much dreaded by seamen, which gradually increases, rises, thickens, and forms the tremendous water-spout which generates tempests. These vessels soon made an evolution which indicated their hostile intentions. Our seamen uttered ejaculations of terror and dismay. - In their consternation they ran to and fro to no purpose, and wearied themselves in a hundred useless efforts to work the ship. Bustle is not activity, and operations without object produce nothing but delay and confusion. Unluckily the wind which till then had blown with violence, suddenly fell, and we found ourselves rooted as it were in the midst of the vast element. The captain was dumb-founded : he did nothing, and that was the worst he could have done. Let us spread our sails, said we to him, and if they prove insufficient, let us try with our oars to reach the coast of Sardinia ; or if we can do no better, let us take to the boat and at least save ourselves. The captain in reply pointed to one of the enemy's ships which was to leeward and cut off our retreat. I know not what deference was due to his reasons, but he took no measures whatever either to defend us or to escape. When we first descried the enemy, they were eighteen miles distant, and Sardinia only three miles. The pirates afterwards told us that we had a bad *Rais* ; that if they had seen us make the least movement towards the land, they should not even have pursued us ; but that observing us remain stationary at first, and then even steer towards them, they thought us bewitched, or, according to their emphatic expression, impelled by the spirit of darkness to inevitable ruin.

We continued six hours in this horrible suspense and consternation. As the barbarians approached, we heard their terrific shouts, and beheld their decks covered with Moors. All hope then forsook the most courageous, and at this cruel sight we all hastened to hide ourselves in our little cells, there to await the great catastrophe of this tragedy. . . .

We heard the cries of the Africans who boarded us sword in hand. A cannon was fired ; we took it for the commence-

ment of the battle, and concluded that we should be sunk. It was the signal for a good prize. A second gun announced the capture and possession of the ship.—The pirates thronged on board ; they brandished their scymetars before our eyes and over our heads, commanding us to make no resistance and submit.—What else could we have done than obey ? Then assuming a less ferocious look our conquerors shouted : *Nò paura, nò paura*. They demanded rum and the keys of our trunks, and formed us into divisions ; they ordered one half of the passengers to get into the boat to be conveyed on board the Algerine frigate ; the other part remained in the brig, of which a troop of Moors had taken possession. I was among those who were to quit the vessel. We took a last sorrowful look at her and at our companions, stepped into the boat and away we went.

When we reached the frigate, the crew set up a shout of victory ; a cruel joy was expressed in their ferocious looks. They opened their ranks, and through files of mingled Turks and Moors we were conducted into the presence of the grand *Rais*, the commander in chief of the Algerine fleet. He was seated in the midst of the captains of the four other frigates. . . . We were interrogated by short and haughty questions, but without insult or affront. The *Rais* demanded our money, watches, rings, and all the valuables that we possessed, for the purpose of securing them, as he said, from the rapacity of the men of the Black Sea, who formed part of his crew, and whom he called by their proper name—*robbers*. He deposited the effects of each separately in a box, promised that they should be restored to us on quitting the ship, and saying :—*Questo per ti—questo per ti—questo altropert ti*—this is for thee, that for thee and this for thee—and perhaps adding in his heart—and the whole for me. We were then ordered to withdraw, and directed to sit down on a mat in the antichamber where we were abandoned to our own painful reflections.

We were carried to land at Algiers in two boats, the passengers with the *Rais*, and the Sicilian sailors with the *Aga*.

A great concourse of people had assembled on the beach to hail the triumphant return of the fleet. We were, however, neither stripped nor insulted, as christian slaves commonly are upon their arrival at these inhospitable shores. We had a long way to go to the palace where the council meets, holds its examinations, and pronounces sentence. The Rais went into the palace of the marine, while we remained at the gate. At length a large curtain rose ; we beheld the hall of the palace of the marine, where the members of the regency, the ulemas of the law, and the chief agas of the divan appeared seated in pomp. Immediately, without preamble or ceremony, our papers were demanded and examined. These formalities are observed to give a semblance of justice to acts of rapine and violence. Our papers were shewn to the English consul, who had been summoned for the purpose of verifying them. He was aware of their insufficiency ; but actuated by the goodness of his heart and pity for so many unfortunates, he made the most generous efforts to extricate us from this horrible danger. His philanthropic zeal did not abate when he learned that we belonged to a country united to France ; we were unfortunate, and consequently sacred in the eyes of an Englishman.— But the Rais Hamida supported the ferocious laws of piracy ; he made the most subtle distinctions between domicile and nationality ; and proved himself a very able lawyer according to the African code.

We heard the council repeat the words :—*Buona presa—prigionieri—schiavi!*—which were re-echoed by the multitude collected in the great square, who seemed by their shouts to invoke that decision. The consul then claimed the English lady and her two little daughters. *Granted!*—The Chevalier Rossi, the lady's husband, advanced with courage and dignity ; he insisted on his rights as the husband of an English woman, and the father of English children ; he was declared free also, and rejoined his wife and girls. The consul then made one more attempt to save us all : it was ineffectual. The horrid cry of *Schiavi! schiavi!* resounded through the hall and was boisterously repeated by the multitude. The ministers of the regency rose ; the council was dissolved ; the English consul and vice-consul retired with the Rossi ; and we remained motionless and stupified, as if a thunderbolt had fallen close by our side. We were marched off under the direction of the chief secretary and the Guardian Bachi of the slaves ; we traversed half of Algiers amidst an immense throng of spectators. It was Friday, the sabbath of the Mussulmans, and the infidels, on coming out of their mosques, ran to feast themselves with the sight of the oppression and degradation of christians. We arrived at the Pascialik, or palace of the Pacha, now inhabited by the Dey. The first objects that met our view, and thrilled us with horror, were six bloody heads, that had been recently cut off and lay about the entrance : it was necessary to kick them aside before we could enter the court. They were the heads of some turbulent agas who had murmured against the Prince : we supposed them to have belonged to Christians, and to have been exposed on that day, for the purpose of striking terror into the new inhabitants of these detestable regions. Profound silence reigned within these walls, where suspicion pervaded every thing, and terror was depicted in every countenance. We were ranged in a row before the windows of the despot that he might gratify himself with the sight. He appeared at the balcony, looked at us with haughtiness and disdain, smiled with a ferocious pleasure, motioned with his hand, and we were ordered to retire. We made a circuit through the winding streets of the city, and at length arrived at a spacious and gloomy building—it was the great *bagnio* or prison for slaves. . . . In crossing its dark and filthy court we passed through a multitude of slaves ; they were ragged, pale, emaciated, dejected creatures ; with haggard eyes, and cheeks deeply furrowed with sorrow. Such was the apathy produced by their long sufferings and bitter misfortunes that all the soft emotions of life seemed extinguished in their hearts, and they started at us with stupid indifference, unaccompanied with a single demonstration of pity. On the day



when the slaves are not obliged to work, they remain shut up, and wander like pallid spectres about this abode of darkness and desolation.

Before the first dawn of day we were suddenly roused by a confused noise of shouts and blows, and the rattling of chains. It was the hour at which the slaves were hurried from the oblivion of their wretchedness to the renewal of their labours and sufferings. The keeper of the prison called to us also to rise, and already began to assume towards us the harsh tone of command : *Vamos al trabajo, cornutos !*—to work, horned beasts !—was the coarse expression employed by the alguazils while hastening the slowest by reiterated stripes. The black aga came to the prison. He brought the iron rings which were to be put on our left legs, there to remain for ever, as a mark of the abject condition into which we were plunged. These rings were very thin—but how oppressive is the weight of the rings of slavery ! The black aga fastened the ring upon my companions, but he delivered mine into my hand, saying that his Excellency the Pacha granted me the distinguished favour of putting it on myself.

We were two hundred unfortunate wretches of different nations taken by the infidels in their last cruize. We were marched off with guards in front and rear ; an immense concourse followed, while a profound and melancholy silence reigned among us. We saw the troops of old slaves going before us : their task-masters followed them with whips crying :—*A trabajo cornutos ! can d'infedele, a trabajo !* We arrived at the bakehouse of the marine, and two black loaves of bran were thrown to us as they might be to dogs. The old slaves caught them in the air and devoured them with disgusting avidity. On reaching the great hall of the marine we there found seated in horrible majesty, and in all the insignia of tyrannic power, the members of the government, the agas of the troops, the principal Rais of the fleet, the high-admiral, the Cadi, the Mufti, the Ulemas of the law, and the judges according to the Koran. We were drawn up in a row, ticketed, picked out and examined like negroes in the markets of America. We maintained

a deep silence ; our eyes were fixed upon the ground, and our hearts throbbed. A voice was heard ; it was that of the minister of the marine, the principal secretary of state. He pronounced my name. I was directed to step forward ; various questions were asked concerning my residence in England, my connexions and occupations in that country. The minister concluded with these unexpected words : *Ti star franco ! . . . .* A soldier was ordered to take the iron ring from my leg ; he obeyed, and advised me to go and thank the minister, who shook me by the hand and said many obliging things to me. He then commanded the dragoman to conduct me to the house of the English consul. My heart overflowed with joy at the moment when I was enabled to move my leg freely ; but my second thought was for my unfortunate companions, who after my liberation, in their turn indulged the most flattering hopes. I too hoped that they would be set at liberty ; I walked slowly and stopped at every step to see if they were not following me.—But orders were issued to conduct them to work, and their different tasks were allotted to them. I saw them sorrowfully depart, with eyes fixed on the ground and swollen with weeping : they turned round once more, pressed my hand, bade me farewell and disappeared.

I was summoned to the marine, and the great storehouse of prizes to claim my effects which were to be restored to me by order of the government ; but money, valuables, merchandize, clothes, had all been seized and carried off by the Turkish and Moorish *chiourme*—so that I could recover nothing. The loss that I sustained was immense : all the fruit of so many years' labour, industry, and privation was gone ; the whole edifice of a fortune reared with so much toil was demolished in an instant. I also lost the satisfaction which may be forgiven to vanity, of returning to my country in a state of independence, and being enabled to show some kindness to those united to me by blood or affection. All these fond illusions, and my dream of future happiness were dissipated. . . . . I had suffered a still more painful loss—that of all my books

and manuscripts. The latter contained all that I had most carefully observed, meditated compiled, and composed, in my travels, in the varied scenes of my life, and in the midst of the vast field of events which had passed before my eyes. I was now doomed to the leisure, the sleep, the forgetfulness, the uselessness of an obscure and barren life, to the dull vacuity of the soul. I wished for repose, but a repose devoted to agreeable studies, consistent with my taste, with the cultivation of letters, and the ineffable pleasures of the Muses.

The King of Prussia, in the Introduction to his *History of his own Times*, has sought in two different places to throw ridicule upon a war, occasioned, as he expresses it, *by the loss of a couple of ears cut off by the Spaniards*. It would be difficult to form a falser estimate of what constitutes the true grandeur, and the real dignity of a nation. Nothing is more beautiful, nothing more honourable in the organization of society, than that intimate union of all the individuals of one and the same people, which assures to each the protection of all; which causes the whole collectively to resent an

outrage offered to a single individual, let him be ever so obscure, ever so insignificant, whenever foreigners would insult in his person, not the man, but the nation to which he belongs. The war of 1739 was in fact begun because old Jenkins, a seaman, after being barbarously mutilated by the Spaniards, had appeared in the house of Commons without nose and ears. In the moment when he suffered this indignity, he had, he said, commended his soul to God and revenge to his country. That country, in answering the call, covered itself with a more real glory than the King of Prussia in conquering Silesia, because that glory was more just. How, then, does it now happen that all the nations of Europe have patiently endured outrages still more atrocious, practised, not upon an obscure sailor, but upon thousands of citizens, not out of hatred of an individual, or under pretext of some fault committed by him—but out of hatred to Europeans, to their governments, to their religion—out of hatred to all we hold sacred, and to all that we deem it incumbent on our honour to defend?

To be continued.

## ORIGIN OF HANDEL'S HARMONIOUS BLACKSMITH.

From the New Monthly Magazine, Jan. 1818.

Mr. Editor,

I AM not surprised that your correspondent 'Ambiguity' should be anxious to know the origin of a piece of music which, I think, equal to any of that illustrious master to whom the lovers of harmony are so much indebted, and I am happy that it is in my power to afford him the desired information.

Handel passing one day by a blacksmith's shop was struck by a tune which he heard the son of Vulcan humming, apparently in unison with the strokes of the hammer on the anvil. He turned back, and requested the man to repeat it, which he did, and on his return home Handel composed the air in question, and also the variations to it. Your correspondent will doubtless have observed in it some traces of its original; and if he has not already, I think, by a more close attention to it, after this explanation, he will perceive that the air throughout seems to imitate the blows of the hammer.

Perhaps, Mr. Editor, I shall not be deemed intruding upon your columns, if I take this opportunity of relating some instances in which music and poetry have endeavoured, with the happiest effect, to impress upon the mind and ear by the cadence of their lines and tones the circumstance which the sense represents. Thus Homer, when Ulysses was in the shades below, and saw his grandfather Sisyphus rolling the large stone which was allotted as his punishment, makes the son of Laertes thus express himself:

ΑΥΤΙΚ' ΕΠΕΙΤΑ ΠΕΔΟΥΔΕ ΚΥΛΙΝΔΕΤΟ ΛΑΑΣ ΑΝΑΙΔΗΣ,

in which line one imagines the stone rolling down the hill with perpetual boundings in consequence of the five dactyls introduced. Again, when speaking of Achilles heaving a fragment of rock, his labour is expressed by the cadence of the measure: but as I do not happen to have any classical books by me at present, so as to enable me to refer to the original



passage, I shall quote those lines of Pope in which he mentions it, as also the speed of Camilla flying over the corn-fields, as imitated by Virgil in the same way :

When Ajax strives some stone's vast weight to throw,  
The line too labours, and the words move slow ;  
Not so when swift Camilla scours the plain,  
Flies o'er the unbending corn, and skims along the main.

I have introduced this quotation as an excuse for my inability to quote the others, as also a specimen in which Pope himself has endeavoured to produce the same effect, and I think it no small credit to him, that he should in this instance have succeeded by the very means by which, in another passage, he has represented tediousness ; I, of course allude to that well known couplet :

A needless Alexandrine ends the song,  
And like a wounded snake drags its slow length along.

In the former instance, this species of line, which the author of the *Essay on Criticism* so much censures, is made to represent the velocity of Camilla ; in the latter, it expresses most correctly the lagging tardiness of its kind. Virgil seems to have been very happy in his attempts at this sort of impression : his description of the canter of a horse is ably expressed by

*It clamor, et agminé facto  
Quadrupedante putrem sonitu quatit ungula campum:*

The majesty of the malignant Juno not less so, by

*Ast ego quæ divum incedo regina, Jovisque  
Et soror et conjux.*

In a succeeding book, too, the strokes of the Cyclops' hammer is represented ; and it may be that line first gave Handel a desire to emulate the Mantuan.

## RUSSIAN EMBASSY TO PERSIA.

From the Literary Gazette, March 1818.

WE are sure our readers will be gratified with the following unaffected narrative of an Embassy which has been the subject of much observation to Europe, and of which we have the pleasure to lay before them the first account made public, being the

*Extract of a Letter from Captain Moritz von Kotzebue, in the Imperial Russian General's Staff (attached to the Russian Embassy to Persia) to his Father, dated from Sultanie, (the summer residence of the Schach of Persia) the 14th of August, 1817.*

Persia, which we had imagined to be so beautiful, is, as far as we know it, a dreary desert, inhabited by famished and unhappy people. The best description of Persia is that given by Chardin, about one hundred and fifty years ago. It does not contain any thing remarkably interesting, but the splendour of the Court was at that time unequalled in its kind. Now, an old man who is in every respect superannuated, seeks only to amass treasures in his coffers. The character of the nation seems to us to be rather unamiable. How should it be otherwise, since they not only do not value the women, but despise them.

On the 17th of April, we left Tiflis, in a heat of 25°. The trees were already

out of blossom ; but after a march of three days, we came near the mountains, where nature still reposed in her winter's sleep. The highest mountain of this chain, forms with another which lies opposite to it a kind of gate, which the inhabitants call the *Great Mouth*. But we ourselves made *great eyes* (a Germanism for staring,) when a whirlwind, which is very common in these mountains, seized the whole embassy, and almost obliged them to dance a waltz. It is sometimes so dreadful that neither men nor horses can stand against it.

On the 25th we passed a cavern close to the road, which is large enough to afford shelter to some hundred cattle. Not far from this frightful cavern stands a simple white tomb-stone on an eminence; which is surrounded by several other graves. Here rests a brave soldier, Colonel Montrésor, who was in our service eighteen years ago, when Prince Siziannoff blockaded Eriwan. Provisions became scarce among the blockading troops, and the next magazine was in Karaklis, one hundred and sixty wersts distant. The way was very mountainous and intersected, and swarming with enemies. Meantime it was necessary to send a detachment thither, and the prince appointed, for this purpose, Colonel Montrésor,

with 200 grenadiers and a cannon. Amidst incessant skirmishes, the little troop approached the above-mentioned cavern within ten wersts of Karaklis, reduced to half of its original number, and with but one shot left in the gun of each soldier, which was reserved for the last necessity. Unluckily there was a Tartar among the troops, who escaped during the night, and betrayed Montrésor's desperate situation to the Persians. They attacked him at day-break with the more boldness, and sustained the single fire, and after a desperate resistance, the Russians were all cut to pieces just as relief came from Karaklis, where the firing had given notice of their approach,) but alas ! only to bury those that had fallen. I have been made acquainted with several examples of incredible bravery, of which Georgia was the theatre ; but the distance is so great, the European papers have made no mention of them. In order to obtain glory, much depends upon the place where glorious actions are performed.

On the 29th we reached the Persian frontiers, and for the first time saw mount Ararat. Here we were received by Askar Chan, (formerly ambassador at Paris) at the head of some thousand men on horseback, who introduced himself to the ambassador as our Mamendar, that is, as our purveyor, during our stay in Persia. This, however, costs the government nothing, because all the villages on the road must furnish us gratis with what we want ; if they fail, the peasants get beat, or have their ears cut off. We had till now slept in our kibitki (carriages ;) we now received handsome tents.

A day's journey from Eriwan, we put up at a splendid and extremely rich Armenian convent, where the patriarch resides. The convent must pay dear to the government for its protection ; it is squeezed and pressed on every occasion, and sighs for its deliverance. It is said, that on this spot Noah planted his first vine. We were magnificently entertained, and it must be confessed that the wine we drank does honour to Noah's memory. On the 3d of May, we went in state to Eriwan. About half-way, 4000 cavalry met us, and manœuvred

before us. Some thousand infantry, with cannon paraded near the city, in spite of violent rain, by which we were here surprised.

The governor of the province (Serdar) received us at the gate. This man is accused of various *pecadillos* : for example, that a short time before our arrival, he had a merchant hung up by the legs, in order to obtain possession of his money and wife, (a beautiful Armenian.) Such things are said to happen daily. I cannot vouch for them : only so much I know, that he not only is lodged very well, drinks well, and is richly dressed, but, to my astonishment, that he sleeps very well. Our quarters are the best in the town, yet wretched. We dined with the Serdar, where every thing was in abundance ; but I sought in vain for the celebrated Asiatic magnificence. Three little tumblers danced themselves out of breath, and performed various feats to amuse us. On the second day we entertained each other in a newly erected summer house, where our music, our punch, our ice, and our liquors, illuminated the Persian heads. The doctor of the governor had chosen a little corner for himself, where he enjoyed himself at his ease. The Serdar is said to be in secret a great friend to Bacchus ; at least, he asked the ambassador for eight bottles of liquors, which he most likely emptied in the company of his sixty wives and twenty-four concubines.

After we left Eriwan, the heat increased considerably, but the nights were insupportably cold, and occasioned every kind of sickness. On the 13th of May, we passed the celebrated river Araxes, which is now remarkable for nothing, except that, as they say, the plague never extends beyond it.

On the 15th we arrived at Meranda, where it is said that Noah's mother is buried. The good old lady, I fear, does not enjoy much rest in her grave, for there is a public school built upon it. On the 19th, we arrived at Tauris, the residence of Abbas Mirza, Crown Prince of Persia. A mile from the town we were received by 1000 troops, besides artillery. It is well known that Persia, *with the help of the English*, has lately introduced regular troops. It is



scarcely possible to refrain from laughing, on seeing the long-bearded awkward Persians, in half English costume, presenting arms while 'God save the King' is played. Some English officers followed our suite at a distance; among them was Major Lindsey, a kind of war minister to Abbas Mirza. Fainting with the sultry heat, and suffocated by the dust, we arrived at Tauris, where the first minister had given up his house for our abode.

After the visits of ceremony, the Crown Prince gave a display of fire-works, in honour of the Embassy, and also reviewed several thousand cavalry. One afternoon we drank tea in a newly-erected summer-house, when he pointed out to us a small habitation, which projected into the garden, and disfigured it very much, but which the possessor would not sell on any terms, and Abbas Mirza would not take it from him by force. This indeed does him great honour. He is in general highly spoken of, for the good qualities both of his mind and heart, and it is to be hoped that he will one day make Persia happy.

Though we were allowed to walk freely about the city, yet the importunities of the beggars on one hand, and insults on the other, caused us to refrain from such indulgences. When, indeed, a fellow who had insulted us, was taken, he was half beaten to death; but this gave us no pleasure, and we therefore rather remained at home. We received from Teheran the unpleasant intelligence, that in consequence of the fast (of Ramazan,) the Schach could not receive us till the expiration of two months; on the other hand, he would welcome us in Sultanie, which lies ten marches nearer to Tauris. As we longed for the fresh air, being, as it were, shut up in Tauris, Abbas Mirza offered us his own country house, for which we joyfully departed on the 26th, and took possession of our new habitation on the 28th.

Persia is altogether dreary and mountainous, and one rejoices like a child at seeing some green trees. It very seldom rains, but constant winds fill the air with clouds of dust. The villages and towns have a melancholy appearance; the mode

of building is miserable; the low houses are made of kneaded clay, and some chopped straw mixed up with clay, that they may not fall to pieces in the first rain, or the wind blow away a whole village. After every rain there is a general patching of houses throughout Persia. The country seat of Abbas Mirza is an exception, owing to its being built with the help of the English. The whole is very pretty, only the trees are yet small, and in this month the winds still too cold to inhabit with pleasure. We however remained there till June, and then went two marches, to the village of Sengilabat, where water fit for drinking, and shady trees, are found. Here, to our great joy, there arrived a convoy from Tiflis, which brought our own wine: for it is very difficult to get wine here, and yet it is indispensable, on account of the bad water. In Persia, a place which has good water, is famed far and wide.

The surrounding villages were soon cleared of provisions. We left Sengilabat on the 20th, made several short days journies, and passed the town of Miana on the 24th, which is celebrated for its bugs, the bite of which proves mortal in a few hours, but is said not to affect the inhabitants. They only shew themselves by night, are of an ash colour, quite flat, and have eight feet. They are not mentioned in any natural history. We have taken some of them with us in spirits. We quickly passed through this town of bugs, and did not stop till we reached a large and beautiful bridge, built by Schach Abbas, 5 wersts further.

The following day we passed over the Caplantic mountains, and enjoyed the beautiful prospects, among which I remarked the Virgin's Castle, which was built by Artaxerxes, and is said to have received this name from a beautiful but haughty virgin, who was here imprisoned. Beyond the mountains we met with another handsome bridge over the river Kosilusan. Every thing worth seeing in respect to architecture, is from the time of Schach Abbas the Great. His successors have ruined much, but built nothing.

The country now became more desolate, the heat greater, and we thanked

God when we arrived on the 30th in the town of Sangan, where Abdal Mirza, another son of the Schach's, governs. The people here seemed less shy than those in Tauris. We saw many women, though wrapt up in veils; yet they knew how to throw them aside on occasion. But they would have done better to have let it alone, for then we should still have fancied them beautiful: we thought their large black eyes handsome, altho' they have more of a savage than a feeling expression. Their dress, especially their pantaloons, spoils their figure. Our habitation was close to that of the prince, whose women appeared every evening on a tower, to hear our evening music; but the tower was so high, that we could see nothing but painted eye-brows.

On the 5th of July, we left Sangan, and encamped five miles further on, near the ruins of a village, where we had good water and cool breezes. We were now ten miles distant from Sultanie, and the Ambassador determined to wait here for the Schach. The second minister came to compliment us. During our stay here, I took a ride to Sultanie, and found the palace miserable, the neighbourhood dreary and desolate, but covered with most splendid ruins, such as are no where else to be found, except at Persepolis. I have myself counted the trees round the country seat. There are no more than fifteen.

On the 19th of July, the Schach came with 10,000 men, and two Englishmen, (Wilok\* and Campbell.) On the 26th we repaired to a great camp, half a werst from the palace. On the 31st we had the first audience, when the ambassador received an honour, which it is said was never before conferred in Persia, namely, a chair was placed for him, and we all appeared in boots. [Here the writer gives an account of the audience, in substance the same as that which has already appeared in the newspapers.]

The scene was in a great tent at the bottom of the mountain on which the palace stands: round about was an open space surrounded with curtains, on which

were painted some thousand of Persian soldiers. From hence to the tent stood the persons of distinction, in two rows, broiled by a sun in 28° of heat. At the entrance of the tent stood a long-bearded fellow, with a thick silver staff. The form of the throne resembled our old arm chairs. At the right side of the Schach stood one of his sons, a child, by whose appearance it might be judged that his elegant dress was too heavy for him. Seventeen older sons had nothing particular in their physiognomy.

When the ambassador was personally presented to the Schach, he paid us all the compliment of saying, that we were now as good as in his service, as eternal friendship was made with our Monarch. To young Count Samoiloff, he said he was a handsome boy; and to our doctor, that he should now be his doctor. He always spoke in the third person; and to me he said, when he heard that I had sailed round the world, "The Schach congratulates you, now you have seen every thing." He then mentioned, that as our Emperor was a friend to travelling, he should expect him in Persia. "I will even go and meet him!" cried he repeatedly, very loud.

Among the presents, a large toilet glass pleased him so much, that he said, "If any person was to offer the Schach his choice between 500,000 (most likely pieces of gold) and this looking-glass, he would choose the latter."

A great saloon is to be built at Teheran, purposely for this glass, and the first who brings the welcome news of its safe arrival, is to have a reward of 1000 Tuman, (2500 Ducats.) But on the contrary, whoever breaks any of the presents, is to have his ears cut off. It is not yet determined when we shall return home. The Schach goes daily a hunting, and very often sends us game shot by his own royal hand. We made the whole journey on horseback, and have suffered very much from the heat. I endured the most from the astronomical watches, which I have in my care, and which will absolutely not bear the horse to go more than a walking pace.

\* Evidently misspelt. Ed.



From the Panorama, March 1818.

## CHEMICAL AMUSEMENT ;

COMPRISING A SERIES OF CURIOUS AND INSTRUCTIVE EXPERIMENTS IN CHEMISTRY. BY  
FREDERICK ACCUM, F. L. S.

A VERY acute observer of men and things\* has remarked, that Chemistry "is not a science of parade; it affords occupation and infinite variety; it demands no bodily strength; it can be pursued in retirement; there is no danger of its inflaming the imagination, because the mind is intent upon realities. The knowledge that is required is exact; and the pleasure of the pursuit is a sufficient reward for the labour."

To those who possess leisure and inclination for cultivating this instructive branch of science, Mr. Accum's volume will be found a very pleasing and useful companion. Mr. A. who has long been known as a scientific and expert teacher of Chemistry, has written the present work, with the express design of blending Chemical Science with rational amusement: at the same time it may serve the student, as a set of popular instructions, for performing a variety of curious experiments, well calculated to illustrate the most striking facts which the science of chemistry has to offer.

With this view, he has purposely selected such experiments only, as may be performed with safety in the closet; and the exhibition of which requires neither costly apparatus, nor complicated instruments. The value of this work is enhanced by the rationale of each experiment being annexed to the respective processes, in order to enable the operator to contemplate the phenomena with advantage as particular objects of study, should inclination lead him to undertake a further investigation. We select two or three experiments, at random, for the amusement of our readers by their fire-sides.

*To render an invisible writing visible, by exposure to light.*

Write on paper with a solution of nitrate of silver, sufficiently diluted, so as not to injure the paper; the characters, when dry, will be perfectly invisible, and remain so, if the paper be closely folded up, or if the writing is, in any other way, defended from the light; but if the paper be exposed to the rays of the

sun, or merely to the common light of day, the characters speedily assume a brown colour, and lastly turn black.

*Rationale.*---This change of colour is owing to the partial reduction of the oxide of silver, from the light expelling a portion of its oxygen: the oxide therefore approaches to the metallic state; for when the blackness is examined with a deep or powerful magnifier, the particles of metal may be distinctly seen.

*To cause an invisible writing to appear in brilliant silver characters.*

Write on paper with a dilute solution of super-acetate of lead of commerce: the writing will be perfectly invisible. To make the characters legible, hold the paper, whilst the letters are still wet, over a saucer, containing water impregnated with sulphuretted hydrogen gas; the characters then assume a brilliant metallic and iridescent colour.

*Rationale.*---In this instance, the hydrogen of the sulphuretted hydrogen gas abstracts the oxygen from the oxide of lead, and causes it to re-approach to the metallic state; at the same time, the sulphur of the sulphuretted hydrogen gas combines with the metal thus regenerated, and converts it into a sulphuret, which exhibits the metallic colour.

*Green sympathetic ink, which becomes blue when held over a liquid, and green again on exposure to the air.*

Write on paper with a solution of sulphate of copper: the characters on writing will be of a green colour. When the solution is dilute, the letters are invisible; and if the paper be held over the surface of liquid ammonia, contained in a cup or saucer, the writing assumes a beautiful blue colour, which departs again on removing the paper near a fire, or by suffering it to be exposed to the open air for some time.

*Rationale.*---The vapour or ammoniacal gas of the liquid ammonia, combines with the sulphate of copper, and forms with it the triple salt, called sulphate of copper and ammonia, which possesses a beautiful blue colour; and this compound is again annihilated when the paper is held near the fire, or on mere exposure to the open air.

*Yellow sympathetic ink, which, when written with, is invisible, but may be made to appear or to depart, successively, by alternately warming the paper, or suffering it to cool.*

Write on paper with a dilute solution of the muriate of copper: the letters, when dry, will be invisible; but if the paper be warmed before the fire, the writing will assume a yellow colour, and disappear again when the paper becomes cold.

Muriate of copper is easily obtained, by neutralizing muriatic acid with brown oxide of copper. The solution is of a dark olive-green colour; and, by evaporation, yields crystals of a grass-green colour of muriate of copper.

\* Miss Edgeworth, "Letters for Literary Ladies," p. 60. 3d Edit.

*To cause an invisible writing to assume a black colour, by passing over it a colourless fluid.*

Write on paper with a dilute solution of green sulphate of iron: when the writing is dry, no letters are visible; but if a feather, or sponge, moistened with tincture of galls, be passed over the characters, the writing will instantly become visible, and assume a black colour.

*Rationale.*---This effect is produced by virtue of the tanning and gallic acid of the tincture of galls, uniting with the oxide of iron of the salt, and producing common writing ink.

*To render an invisible writing visible in blue characters, by passing over it a colourless fluid.*

Writings made on paper with a dilute solution of sulphate of iron, when dry, are invisible; but by passing a feather, or sponge, wetted with a solution of prussiate of potash, over the characters, the letters will become visible, and appear of a blue colour. The experiment may be reversed, by writing with prussiate of potash, and rendering the characters visible by sulphate of iron.

*Rationale.*---In this experiment, the prussic acid of the prussiate of potash, combines with the oxide of iron of the sulphate of iron, and produces prussian blue.

*To write luminous characters.*

Write, with a stick of phosphorus, on a board, or on any rough surface: the characters will be luminous in the dark, as if on fire, and continue so for some time. The luminous appearance vanishes, by blowing on the writings, and becomes visible again instantly.

If letters be written on a dark-coloured paper, and the writing be held near the fire, the characters instantly inflame, and exhibit a beautiful phosphorescent appearance.

*Rationale.*---This effect is nothing else than the slow combustion of the minute abraded particles of phosphorus, effected by the oxygen of the atmosphere.

N. B. Phosphorus should always be handled with the greatest caution, for serious burns have happened from carelessness in this respect, to persons getting small pieces of phosphorus under their nails. It is best to place the phosphorus in a quill or glass tube, that it may be removed from the hand, in case it should take fire: a bowl of water should also be near at hand, to plunge it into, in case of accident.

*A fountain of fire.*

Add gradually one ounce, by measure, of sulphuric acid, to five or six ounces of water, contained in an earthen-ware bason; and add to it also, about three quarters of an ounce of granulated zinc. A rapid production of hydrogen gas will instantly take place. Then add, from time to time, a few pieces of phosphorus of the size of a pea. A multitude of gas bubbles will be produced, which take fire on the surface of the effervescing liquid; the whole surface of the liquid will become luminous, and fire-balls and jets of fire will dart from the bottom through the fluid with great rapidity, and a hissing noise.

*Rationale.*---The zinc when brought into contact with water, in conjunction with sulphuric acid, decomposes the water. The oxygen of the water unites to the zinc, and forms an oxide of zinc, which is instantly dissolved by the sulphuric acid; the other constituent of

the water, the hydrogen, is set free, and dissolves a portion of the phosphorus, with which it escapes as phosphoretted hydrogen gas, which takes fire the moment it comes into contact with common air.

*Violet-coloured Gas.*

Put three or four grains of iodine into a small test-tube, and seal the other end of the tube hermetically. If the tube be gently warmed, by holding it over a candle, the iodine becomes converted into a beautiful violet-coloured gas or vapour, which condenses again into minute brilliant metallic crystals, of a bluish-black colour, when the tube is suffered to grow cold; and this experiment may be repeated with the same tube for any number of times.

As it has often fallen to our lot to hear complaints of the inefficacy of Marking Ink, as a security against dishonesty, we give the following recipe for an *indelible ink for marking linen*, for the benefit of all such good house-wives as may be disposed to make a trial of it.

*Indelible ink for marking linen.*

Dissolve two drachms of fused sub-nitrate of silver, in six drachms of distilled water; and add to the solution two drachms, by measure, of thick mucilage of gum arabic: this forms the writing liquor or marking ink. To use it, it is necessary that the linen be impregnated with a mordant, which is prepared in the following manner:---

Dissolve half an ounce of sub-carbonate of soda of commerce, in four ounces of water; and add to the same solution, half an ounce, by measure, of thick mucilage of gum arabic. This forms the mordant, or preparatory liquor.

To use the ink, wet thoroughly the part intended to be marked with the mordant, dry it near a fire, and when perfectly dry write thereon with the marking ink, by means of a clear pen, and let it dry. The letters are pale at first, but soon become black by exposure to light, and more speedily, if exposed to the direct rays of the sun. The writing will then be permanently fixed on the cloth, and resist the action of washing and bleaching.

To form a distinct writing upon cloth, it is necessary to carry all the strokes of the pen downwards, and the pen should have a short and stiff nib.

The preceding extracts will enable our readers to form a tolerable correct idea of the variety of chemical amusement and instruction contained in Mr. Accum's work. Further commendation from us it needs not: for, while the present analysis of it was passing through the press, we were informed that the first impression was exhausted, and that a new and much enlarged edition was announced for publication.



## INCREASE OF THE GLACIERS OF GREENLAND.

From the Panorama, March, 1818.

**T**HE land-ice (Fisbræc) in Greenland is one of the most remarkable phenomena in nature, and in extent far exceeds any other hitherto known, running from one end of the continent to the other, and covering it with an eternal ice, leaving only some tops of mountains, which rise black and naked above it. When you ascend any of the highest mountains free from ice on the sea-coast a dreadful view is presented. As far as the eye can reach in every direction nothing is seen but a glittering surface, which merits the appellation of an icy ocean.

This ice is extending every year, increasing in height as well as breadth, and has already occupied a great part of the country. When it meets with high mountains, it is checked in its progress till it has reached an equal height, and then proceeds farther without obstruction. An experiment has been made of placing a pole in the earth at a considerable distance from the line of ice, and that place has been found occupied by the ice the following year. Its progress is indeed so rapid that Greenlanders, who are still living, remember their fathers hunting rein-deer among naked mountains, which are now completely covered with ice. I have myself seen foot-paths leading to the inland of this part of the country, which are now obstructed by glaciers. It is chiefly in the valleys that the ice is accumulating, and where these reach the sea, and the inner parts of the bays, the ice projects in large blocks over the water. Part of the ice appears to be even and smooth, particularly in the middle, but a part of it very uneven, especially at the extremities towards the naked land, and in those places, where small hillocks have been covered. But if you proceed farther on the ice, that which seemed to be even, consists of valleys with several strata. There are also a number of different widths, and so deep that the eye seeks the bottom in vain. That part of the ice which appeared to be uneven is nothing but projecting hillocks with deep ravines, where it is impossible to proceed, and which bear the appearance of the sea in most

violent motion, instantly congealed. If you look down into the rents or observe the ice at the extremities, you find the lower stratum of a blue colour, which is darker towards the bottom, but towards the surface is lighter, the uppermost stratum having its natural whiteness. The noise of water-falls is heard in some of the rents, and a thundering sound is frequently heard under your feet, when a new rent is made. On inspecting the extremity of the ice, when it is forming in low places, you will find it undermining the ground and pushing it aside as if it were by a plough. This detritus lies collected in heaps all along the sides of the ice, like walls, and at the first partial breaking up of the ice is sunk into it for ever. In many places entire lakes are filled, and rivers stopped up; the ice spares nothing.

The blocks of ice, that form a continuation of the land-ice and project over the water in the inner part of the bays, are yearly increasing. The sea below throws its waves over them, and makes such excavations, that in many places large poles of ice are hanging down at the sides, having the appearance of pipes or organs, and in other places it forms immense arches. In proportion as these blocks increase above and become heavier, and the excavations below are extended, immense masses are precipitated into the water. Many bays are really deep enough to receive such ice mountains. As one mass falls down, that which is behind is carried along with it, and thus one follows the other with a tremendous cracking noise, like a heavy cannonade. The sea, as is easily imagined, is thereby put into a violent motion, and overflows the land to a great height, and this inundation is felt at the distance of several miles. It has even happened that tents pitched at a considerable distance from the sea have been carried away and the people have perished.

Such masses of ice are at first precipitated deep in the water, and returning to the surface continue for a long time in motion. Sometimes they are united to the flat ice in the bays by congelation,

and thus remain surrounded by it for a time, or they break in their fall the ice which is already formed there.

Another circumstance which increases these mountains, is that in some places there are large lakes above the ice blocks, discharging their water through openings under them. Round the edges of the lakes are hanging pieces of ice, which in the above described manner are precipitated into them. They are then driven to the mouth of the opening, through which the smaller pieces are carried down into the sea, but the larger ones block up the opening, by which not only the water is stopped but also the other masses of ice. The water rising higher detaches still more of those pieces, and the lake is at last so full of them, that they break a new channel. Thus the masses that were heaped one upon the other are hurled into the sea, accompanied by a continued thundering noise. The sea is put into terrible commotion,

and the inhabitants in the neighbourhood, when they hear this roaring, expect to see the whole bay blocked up with ice.

If the ice mountains remain for some time under the projecting blocks of ice (which depends on the state of the wind and the current) their size is then increased and they rise to a terrible height, assuming the most curious shapes. At last they are driven from one bay to another, or they advance into the sea and float about in Davis's Streight, till by moving southwards they are dissolved in more temperate latitudes. I do not mean to say that all ice mountains in Davis's Streight have their origin in Greenland, for some of them probably came from more distant regions; but I think it most probable that the greatest part of this sort of ice has been detached from the western coast, and from the eastern coast of Greenland, which they call Old Greenland.

FABRICIUS.

## CHARACTERISTIC ANECDOTES OF THE GAEL.

From the New Monthly Magazine, March 1818.

THE following is an *Ourskal* or fiction which many of the *Gael* suppose to be of very ancient origin; but I have been assured by an old lady that it was the production of Mr. Campbell of Achnaba. Your readers who are conversant with old histories of quadrupeds, will perceive Mr. C. has taken a hint from the Lama—a creature now known to be fabulous. The style of the *Ourskal* has been changed from the Gaelic and Scots dialect to English; but the essentials have been preserved to the best of the writer's ability.

The youthful hunter, his spirits afloat, and his pulses beating high with invigorating exercise, descends on the verge of a leafy labyrinth, a beautiful maid reclining to screen herself from the beams of noon. Her nut-brown ringlets partially shade a snowy bosom; one arm elegantly rounded, polished, and bare, is half extended gathering odorous flower-ets, the other supports her cheek, glowing as the damask rose, while her voice thrills in liquid melody through the soul. The hunter gazes till ecstasy palpitates in every vein, and the maiden, casting towards him her lustrous eyes, with modest

sweetness waves her white hand for his approach. He throws aside his armour, his spear, his quiver, his arrows—all weapons of defence, and prostrates himself enraptured. Brief shall be his joyous exultation. He is in the grasp of a ravenous devourer. The features of female enchantment are united to the form of a rapacious beast. Torn from limb to limb he falls the prey of artifice.

Should the destroyer of the human race desire a victim of the softer sex, the dignified head, the expressive features, the uncovered breast and arms of a handsome youth are visible amidst the foliage of thick underwood. The lovely huntress, transfixed by the unexpected object, with conscious blushes tries to avert her sight; yet her eyes soon return to wander over the manly graces. The sleeper sighs as in pain; compassion attracts the huntress more near. The sleeper awakes, clasps his hands, and with imploring looks invites the fair huntress to assist in taking him from the ground to relieve his anguish. She bends in compassion, and soon is her fair countenance disfigured, her person deformed; her blood stains the verdure of the woods and the grass.



She is lost for ever to all that loved her with true love. Hateful to herself, she wishes to die; but exists the tortured slave of a hideous and savage monster.

Since you have deemed the characteristic anecdotes of the Gael which I sent to you deserving of a place in your Miscellany, I herewith transmit to you a few more which appear to me not less interesting:—

ANGUS STEWART, when a youth, enlisted into the *Black Watch*, and rose to a halberd. Soon after he became a serjeant, he was billeted at an inn at Reading, and happened to be in the kitchen when a travelling coach with a lady arrived. One of the servants observing Stewart's uniform, accosted him thus;—"You Highlander, that would do your best to maul the devil himself, if in flesh and blood he took the shape of an enemy, and that risk your life for six pence a day, you may gain two hundred pounds by catching a highwayman who has just robbed my lady of a watch and trinkets, on which she sets a high value." "Gie hersel a horse and she'll try."—The landlord offered a fleet hunter that stood in his stable, and Stewart deliberately but promptly planned his operations. He proposed to ride a little before, and the lady's servants, well armed, were to follow at a short distance. These men were much diverted when Stewart, in a *phitebeg* mounted his Bucephalus; but he coolly bade them defer their sport till the business was done, and rode off at full gallop in the direction they pointed out. When he came within view of the person described as the highwayman, and whom he saw distinctly as the moon shone clear, he vociferated nonsense in broken English, and sung Gaelic songs, acting the part of a drunken buffoon. This odd appearance induced the robber to ride slowly. Stewart came up, reeling and exclaiming, and at length they proceeded a little side by side; and our soldier frequently laid hold of his companion as though he had been like to fall from his seat. Perceiving the servants near, he seized the highwayman, and throwing himself upon the saddle, both came to the ground, where they grappled till assistance came up. Stewart received the reward, but unfortunate-

ly placed it in the hands of a gentleman who became insolvent, and he never benefited by it more than ten pounds.

A brave man, J. G., rose from the ranks of the forty second regiment nearly fifty years ago. The first day he dined at the mess an acute consciousness of inacquaintance with the minutiae of good manners so bewildered his mind, that he hardly seemed to retain his reason; his lips quivered, and he evidently swallowed each morsel with difficulty. As early as possible he left the table, and, attempting a retiring bow, in his extreme confusion turned his back to the company. Several youngers burst into incontrollable laughter, and next day intimated a recollection of the *bizarre sortie* by going out in turns making their obeisance with their faces turned to the door. Mr. G. bore their derision some time; but his native good sense and bravery discerned a necessity for setting bounds to the insulting mirth. "Gentlemen," said he, "it was by no fault of mine that I was no sooner introduced to polite society; but it will be my fault, indeed, if I fail to call any man to a severe account if he is so ungenerous to mock me for awkwardness, which never troubles me when I face an enemy."

Another Highlander, born a gentleman, enlisted and accepted a serjeant's appointment, being reduced by misfortune to make this the last resource for maintaining a wife and family. When quartered in Dublin, the viceroy of Ireland, Lord Townshend, ordered the serjeants attending on him to have their dinner at the castle; and all, except our *poor gentleman*, availed themselves of this indulgence. His lordship's well known affability often led him to talk to the soldiery; and he one day asked this serjeant why he preferred fasting to a comfortable meal? "Because, please your Excellency, I am a poor proud Highland gentleman; and though for the sake of a wife and six children, I serve as a serjeant, I strictly avoid all unsuitable company." The lord-lieutenant wrote down his name. He soon had an ensigncy and died a field officer.

The means resorted to by the ancient Gael for maintaining family friendships has formed a lasting monument of their refined liberality of mind. The houses of

Dunstaffnage, Melford, and Duntroon, were originally represented by three brothers united in the closest bonds of amity; and to perpetuate the remembrance of their fraternal origin, they appointed that in all future generations the funeral of each should be attended by the two others as chief mourners; the oldest man in years to take the head of the coffin, and the youngest to carry the feet; that in like manner the oldest in years should preside at the entertainment, which Highland hospitality gives on those oc-

casions; and the youngest sits as crou-pier. Thus all disputes respecting precedence were obviated, and the custom is observed to the present day. The family of Dunstaffnage has now many able men in different professions. Sir Colin Campbell, aid-de-camp to the Duke of Wellington, is a son of Melford, and Sir Niel Campbell is the eldest surviving son of Duntroon. His eldest brother fell in the service of his country; but no variety of scenes or vicissitudes can impair the brotherly attachment of these three families.

## EPITAPHS.

To the Editor of the Literary Gazette.

SIR,  
**T**HERE is scarcely any species of composition so difficult as the Epitaph, and yet so beautiful when attained. It ought to unite the terse brevity of the Epigram with the pathos of the Elegy;—dignified, yet at the same time familiar; sublime, yet striking the chords of every bosom; an union so high and so difficult, that it is no wonder many have failed in its execution. Dr. Johnson has censured the motley mixture of Latin and English in inscriptions of this nature,\* and with justice, for it presents too harlequin an appearance for so solemn a subject as a last tribute to the dead. The nerve and conciseness of the Latin is perhaps better calculated for the Epitaph than our own more paraphrastic language; though, as it is a subject which ought to speak aloud to all, it is in most cases better to clothe it in the garb of our own “honest kersey” language, than enrobe it in the ornaments of a foreign style. Still, to the man of taste and the scholar, the inexpressible beauty of many a Latin Epitaph must plead hard for a more extensive use; and indeed who can read the beautiful lines of that eminent scholar Bishop Lowth on his daughter, who fell dead into his arms, without readily yielding the palm to that language which contains so much sweetness and pathos?

“Cara, vale, ingenio præstans, pietate, pudore,  
At plusquam natæ nomine cara, vale!  
Cara Maria vale! at veniet felicius ævum,  
Quando iterum tecum (sim modo dignus) ero.  
Cara redi,” læta tum dicam voce, “paternos  
Eja age in amplexus, cara Maria, redi!”

\* Life of Pope,

I have frequently, though in vain, attempted an English poetical version of this inimitable effusion. One of its principal beauties is the repetition of that term of endearment, “Cara,” which would be altogether lost in an English dress; and the last couplet is one of those delicate touches of simplicity and pathos, and affecting allusion, which all perhaps can feel, but so few are able to express.\*

Of a different description altogether, yet equally simple and grand, is the one on Sir Christopher Wren, in St. Paul’s Church:

“Si monumentum quæras, circumspeice.”—

Seek’st thou his monument?—behold the dome!

Having given two such beautiful specimens of Latin Epitaphs, I would now plead hard for the insertion of an English one, which in every point of view, whether as poetry in general, or that more particular species, the Epitaph, seems to me to merit a high degree of praise. It is the perfection of poetry to render description as equal as possible to life, and to place the particular object immediately before our eyes. With respect to inscriptions in general, Boileau gives this rule, “Que les inscriptions doivent etre simples, courtes et familières,”—and in all do I contend for the preeminence of my Epitaph. Behold it then.

“Here lies the body of Elizabeth Dent,  
Who kick’d up her heels, and away she went!”

Can any thing be more simple, more

\* Mr. J. Duncombe has versified it; but his attempt has been what Dryden calls

“Pangs without birth, and fruitless industry.”



brief, or more familiar? yet what a picture is presented to our minds! "Away she went." We almost fancy we see the good woman skimming through the fields of air, "Like Mary Lee of Castella. The clouds her steeds, the winds her charioteer."† It is also no small beauty that the poet has contrived that the principal emphasis in the last line should be laid upon "away,"—it almost gives life to the picture. There is also great ingenuity in bringing something to our imagination; we are not told "whither she went," and our interest is thus kept alive by hopes and fears respecting her ultimate destruction.

It should seem, from the ludicrous inscriptions to be met with in our church yards, (more especially in the country) that men were determined to make a jest of the grave, and we can hardly tell whether to drop a tear on the weakness, or to smile at the folly of these "frail memorials," so different from what the poet beautifully expresses,

"And many a holy text around she strews  
To teach the rustic moralist to die."

But when we meet with such lines as

"Life is a jest, and all things show it,  
I thought so once, but now I know it,"

we are inclined to think the witty author of them had no other intention than that of making a couplet; as the sentiments of a wise man they will hardly be admitted. "All may be vanity," but not a jest; and we cannot consider that a proper regard has been paid to his memory by giving them as his last sentiments; there is too much of the absurd: the idle, and the vain, too often take occasion from such opinions to confirm themselves in error, not to say vice.

Inscriptions and Epitaphs under the inspection of, and regulated by the Minister or Curate of the parish, would at least prevent the indulgence of ridicule in the young and thoughtless, where they ought to be serious. I shall not repeat many of these fooleries, but to show they are yet of a recent date, in Doncaster Church Yard, 1816, may be seen the following:—

"Here lies 2 Brothers by misfortune serounded,  
One dy'd of his wounds & the other was drowned."

And in a neighbouring burying ground

† Hogg's Pilgrims of the Sun.

at Arksey, of a less recent date, may be found several equally ludicrous, from among which I select what follows.

Farewell my friends all,  
Sisters and dear mother,  
You have lost your son,  
And have got no other.

*In Seven Oaks, Kent.*

Grim Death took me without any warning:  
I was well at night and died in the morning.

At Lynn the following disgusting jest is passed upon a married woman, who had never been blessed with children:

Under this stone lies Margery Gregg,  
Who never had *Issue*, but one in her leg:  
This woman withal was so very cunning,  
While one leg stood still, the other was running.

*In West Grinstead, Sussex.*

Vast strong was I, but yet I did die;  
And in my grave asleep do lye;  
My grave is stoned round about,  
But I hope that God will find me out.

*In Radcliffe upon Soar, on Robert Smith,  
1782, is inscribed---*

Fifty-five years it was and something more,  
Clerk of this parish, he the office bore;  
And in that space, 'tis awful to declare,  
Two generations buried by him were!

*At Pentryn, in Cornwall.*

Here lies William Smith; and, what is somewhat  
rarish,  
He was born, bred, and hang'd in this parish!

A SPECIMEN OF THE SUBLIME.

*An Epitaph on a Tomb-Stone in St. Edmund's Churchyard, Salisbury.*

Innocence embellishes divinely compleat  
To prescience coeigent, now sublimely great  
In the benignant, perfecting, vivifying state  
Go heav'nly Guardian occupy the skies  
The pre-existent God, omnipotent, allwise  
He can surpassingly immortalize the theme  
And permanent thy soul, celestial, supreme  
When gracious refulgence bid the Grave resign  
The Creator's nursing protection be thine  
So each perspiring Æther will joyfully rise  
Transcendently good, supereminently wise.

But one of the most ridiculous epitaphs that has ever come to my knowledge, may be seen on a headstone, at the east end of the church-yard, in the parish of West Allington.

Here lieth the body of  
Daniel Jeffery the Son of Mich-  
ael Jeffery and Joan his Wife he  
Was buried ye 2 day of September  
1746 and in ye 18th year of his Age  
This youth When In his Sickness lay  
did for the minister Send \* that he would  
Come & with him pray \* But he would not attend  
But when this young Man Buried was  
the minister did him admit \* he should be  
Carried into Church \* that he might money geet.  
By this you See what man will dwo \* to geet  
money if he can \* who did refuse to come  
and Pray \* by the Foresaid young Man!!!

The above was transcribed, *verbatim*  
*et literatim*, as a curiosity in its way. It

may not be amiss to add, that on the setting up of this stone, the church-wardens immediately waited on the minister of the parish, representing to him the offence which the epitaph had given themselves, and his parishioners in general, from the scandalous falsehoods it contained, and the stigma intended to be fixed by it on his character: for they knew, that the deceased had died of a virulent small-pox, and so suddenly, that there was scarcely time for giving notice of his illness before his death confirmed it. They therefore begged, that the epitaph might be obliterated, and that they might be supported by his concurrence in doing it. But he, having gratified the church-wardens' indignation and his own curiosity, by looking at the inscription, desired that it might be permitted to remain; for "he could not allow himself to have a share in the destruction of such poetry!"—This min-

ister was the learned Mr. Pyle, son of Mr. Pyle, formerly of Lynne Regis, in Norfolk, the author of the Paraphrase on St. Paul's Epistles, in the manner of S. Clarke's on the Gospels.

In contrast with the above vulgar abuse, allow me to subjoin an elegant distich, from Stoke-Gabriel, in Devon:

"Fair Flower!—transplanted by the hand of Love,  
To bud and bloom in milder bowers above."

I shall conclude with one placed on the tomb of a man who had desired by will to have something said on his grave stone; he was rich, but alas! that was all; his executors were conscientious men, and at a loss how to designate a character, where there was no character at all, at length hit upon the following—

"Silence is wisdom."

Few but must be aware of the universal suitableness of this short sentence.

Your obedient servant,

SEXTON.

## MEMOIRS RELATING TO TURKEY;

EDITED FROM MANUSCRIPT JOURNALS, BY ROBERT WALPOLE, M. A.\*

From the Literary Gazette, Jan. 1818.

**A**MONG the various communications concerning Egypt, we have been particularly pleased with Dr. Hume's account of the manners and customs of the modern inhabitants of Egypt, from which we are tempted to make the following extracts:—

"The lower orders of Egyptian Arabs appeared to me to be a quite inoffensive people with many good qualities. They are in general tall, and well made, possessing much muscular strength; yet of a thin spare habit. Their complexion is very dark, their eyes black and sparkling, and their teeth good. Upon the whole they are a fine race of men in their persons; they are more active in agricultural employments than we should be led to imagine from seeing the better sort of them in towns smoking and passing their time in listless indolence. The dress of the poorer Arabs consists simply of a pair of loose blue or white cotton drawers with a long blue tunic, which serves to cover them from their neck to their ankles, and a small red woollen skull-cap, round which they occasionally wind a long strip of white-woollen manufacture.

They are sometimes so poor as not to be able to purchase even this last article. By means of his tunic or long loose outer garment of dyed cotton, the wealthy Arab conceals from the proud and domineering Turk, a better and a richer dress, consisting sometimes of the long and graceful Moslem habit of Damascus silk, covered by a fine cloth coat with short sleeves, and at other times, particularly among the Alexandrians and those connected with the sea, of a blue cloth jacket, curiously and richly embroidered with gold, and white trowsers.

The articles of furniture in the house of an Egyptian Arab are extremely few. The rooms of all people of decent rank have a low sofa called a divan, extending completely round three sides of the room in general, and sometimes to every part of it, except the door-way; but is most commonly at the upper end of the chamber. On this divan the hours not devoted to business or exercise are passed. It is about nine inches or a foot from the floor, and is covered with mattresses; the back is formed by large

\* Continued from page 82.



square cushions placed all along the wall touching each other, and these are more or less ornamented according to the wealth of the owner. The beds are generally laid on a wicker work strongly framed, made of the branches of the date tree, or of mattresses placed on a raised platform at the end of the room. This latter mode is the more general custom. For their meals they have a very low table, around which they squat on the mats covering the floor, and in houses of repute I have seen sometimes this table of copper thinly tinned over. They have no other furniture except culinary utensils. The mats used in Europe are made of straw, or the flags of the branches of the date tree, and are very neatly worked in figures, such as squares, ovals, and other forms, with fanciful borders. They are very durable, but harbour a number of fleas, with which all the houses swarm, particularly in hot weather.

"The poorer sort of these Arabs seldom can afford to eat animal food, but subsist chiefly on rice made into a pilau, and moistened with the rancid butter of the country. Their bread is made of the hollow durra. I have seen them sit down to a hearty meal of boiled horse beans steeped in oil. When the date is in season they subsist on the fruit, and in summer the vast quantity of gourds of all kinds, and melons, among which we may number the cucurbita citrullus and sativus, and the agour, and baoun of Sonini, supply them with food. The better sort eat mutton and fowls, tho' sparingly. At a dinner given to me by an Arab in the Delta, I observed one dish was formed of a quarter of mutton stuffed with almonds and raisins. Their drink is the milk of buffaloes, and the water of the Nile preserved and purified in cisterns."

"The practitioners in medicine are the barbers, who are of course numerous in a country where every man's head is shaved; but their knowledge of physic is extremely confined. They perform a few surgical operations, and are acquainted with the virtues of mercury, and some standard medicines. The general remedy in cases of fever and other kinds of illness is a sufi from a priest, which consists of some sentence from the Koran,

written on a small piece of paper, and tied round the patient's neck. This, if the patient recovers, he carefully preserves by keeping it constantly between his skull-caps, of which he generally wears two or three. My old interpreter, Mohammed had a dozen of them. They are worn by the Mahometans, and considered to possess much efficacy, as were the frontals of the Jews, and phylacteries of the early Christians."

The Arabs have seldom more than two wives, the junior being always subservient to the elder in the affairs of the house.

"The women colour their nails, the inside of their hands, and the soles of their feet with a deep orange colour, sometimes with one of a rosy appearance. This is done by means of henna.\* They likewise apply a black dye to their eyebrows, and the hair of their head; a brilliancy, it is supposed, is thus given to the eye, and the sight is improved. The women, in general, I believe, can neither read nor write; but the better sort are taught embroidery and ornamental needle-work, in which they mostly pass their time.

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"The Ethiopian women, brought to Egypt for sale, though black, are exceedingly beautiful: their features are regular, their eyes full of expression. A great number of them had been purchased by the French during their stay in Egypt, who were anxious to dispose of them previous to their leaving the country, and it was the custom to bring them to the common market-place in the camp, sometimes in boys' clothes, at other times in the gaudiest female dress of the French fashion. The neck was in general naked, and the petticoat on one side tucked

\* Both these customs are of great antiquity; some of the nails of the Mummies have been found dyed with henna; and Shaw saw a joint of the donax taken out of a catacomb at Sacarra, containing a bodkin, and an ounce or more of powder used for the purpose of ornamenting the eyes. Bodkins, which were employed in the same manner, are found at Herculaneum, made of ivory. Dr. Russell describes the kohol used for the eyeballs, or inside of the eyelids; it is a kind of lead ore, and is brought from Persia. It is so much in request, that the poets of the east, in allusion to the instruments used in applying it, say, "The mountains of Lepahan have been worn away with a bodkin."

up to the knee, to show the elegant form of the limb. The price of these women was from sixty to a hundred dollars; while Arab women might be bought at so low a price as ten. The Circassian women, who are brought to Egypt in great numbers, are exposed to sale in particular markets or khans, and fetch a price in proportion to their beauty."

Dr. Hume did not find the latter so beautiful as common rumour gives them out; the fairness of their complexions seems to be their greatest merit in this country, where the sex is so marketable a commodity. We will not follow our author through his short but amusing account of Egyptian marriages, religious rites, &c. but proceed to his notice of a singular race which we do not remember to have read so much of before.

"There is a tribe of civilized Arabs in Egypt, who pretend that they are respected by serpents, and that no sort of snake can hurt them. As a proof of this, there is an annual procession of the tribe through the streets of Rosetta, of which I was a witness; one of their number is obliged to eat a living snake in public, or so much of it as to occasion its death. Probably the snake may have been rendered harmless by some means; the people, however, suppose, that for some act of piety performed by the ancestors of this tribe or family, (which is by no means numerous,) the prophet protects the descendants from the injury which the snakes might occasion. The ophiophagus, who is to keep up this ridiculous farce, being, no doubt, well paid, begins to eat the living reptile; a pretty large snake is held in his hands, which writhes its folds round his naked arm, as he bites at the head and body. Horror and fury are depicted in the man's countenance, and in a strong convulsive manner he puts the animal to death by eating and swallowing part of it alive. This disgusting and horrid spectacle, however, is but seldom exhibited at present."

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"There are many kinds of snakes and reptiles about the ruins of Alexandria; among them some have fancied they discovered the asp. I have seen here the black scorpions, whose sting is reputed mortal; but this is a vulgar prejudice.

The snake is esteemed sacred by the present Arab inhabitants of Egypt.

**THE PYRAMIDS.**—The large pyramid of Giza is formed of 208 steps, and measures 460 feet 11 inches in perpendicular height. Its square is 760 feet; and its top consists of six stones irregularly placed. The entrance is upon the sixteenth step, on the side facing the North; 350 feet distant from the N. E. and 391 from the N. W. corner,—consequently not in the middle as generally imagined. Two other steps have, however, been uncovered since Mr. Davison's measurement, adding between 8 and 9 feet to his calculation of height. The three pyramids of Cheops, Cephren, and Mycerinus have their bases in proportion to their altitude, nearly as 8 to 5. Cheops is 448 feet high, its base 728 feet: Cephren 398 in height, base 655: and Mycerinus 162 to 280. Mr. Davison descended into a pit or well in the great pyramid to the depth of 155 feet, and found it impossible to proceed further: he also explored a room over the chamber containing the sarcophagus, which had not been discovered by former travellers. Abdallatif mentions, in the 13th century, that the pyramids were covered with hieroglyphics, which would fill 10,000 volumes; but none exist in our times. It is supposed that the whole outer casing of these stupendous monuments, has been destroyed or carried away. The third pyramid of Giza appears to have been covered with red granite, and it now seems a reasonable theory that what is now *steps* in all three, were originally a plain surface, which has been gradually removed in the lapse of ages. On this surface the inscription spoken of might have been graven.

The CATACOMBS, are likened to immense pigeon-houses—each hole holding its corpse. They consist of a vast number of subterranean apartments, cut out of very hard rock, and extend a long way. One of the grand doors resembles the Doric order in its architecture. Some of the chambers were ornamented with paintings, of which rude remains are yet visible. The mouth of each mummy's hole has a cornice round it: one inscription was thought from the form of the letters to be of the age of Alexander the Great. The Catacombs are in some



places, three stories below each other; and there is a statue much defaced in one of the niches. The descent is perpendicular, and about 14 or 15 feet; on one side of solid rock, on the other of earth, threatening to fall in with every touch. The Catacombs were originally quarries, whence the cities around were built; the rock was then formed into crypts for the dead. From the scarcity of wood, the Egyptians could not burn the bodies.

POMPEY'S PILLAR rests upon a stone which has hieroglyphics on it. They are inverted. The mass of testimony, or rather of hypothesis concerning it, is, that it was erected by Pompeius, a Governor of Lower Egypt, under the reign of Diocletian, to whose honour it was dedicated. The Arabs call it *Amoud al Sawary*, or "The Pillars of the Colonades," alluding to the porticoes with which it was surrounded so late as the time of Saladin, the beginning of the 12th century.

## DR. PETOEZ'S DENUNCIATION AGAINST COFFEE.

From the New Monthly Magazine, March 1818.

MR. EDITOR,

I HAVE heard many persons express their surprise that after the benefits of vaccination have been so clearly proved by experience, there should still be so many medical practitioners who denounce that invaluable discovery as a new scourge and calamity to the human race. A closer acquaintance with the history of medicine would teach all those whose minds are so affected by this phenomenon, that the most obstinate enemies to innovations of every kind, in matters more immediately or remotely connected with health, have invariably been found among physicians themselves; and that there is no hypothesis too absurd to be maintained by men of that profession when blinded by prejudice and a spirit of system. That this species of infatuation is by no means confined to any particular age or country, may be deduced from a very recent example.

It is well known, that on the introduction of coffee into western Europe, a great outcry was raised against that beverage, which was pronounced to be an absolute poison. It was with reference to this opinion that Fontenelle, whose favourite drink was coffee, and whose life was prolonged to very near a century, observed:—"If coffee is a poison, it must be a very slow one, for it has been above eighty years killing me." Your readers need not be told that a great deal has been written since that period both for and against that beverage, some prescribing it as a medicine, others proscribing it as pernicious.

This last notion has been revived by a

Hungarian physician, Dr. Michael Petoez, in a work just published by him at Presburgh; and the pertinacity with which he supports it reminds us of the paradox of the French advocate, Linguet, who, forty years ago, undertook to prove, with Hippocrates in his hand, that bread is also a slow poison, but who nevertheless continued to eat it like all the rest of the world. A similar inconsistency has been noticed in the precepts and practice of the eminent German physician, Dr. Hufeland, who, in his *Macrobiotik*, or *Art of Prolonging Life*, strongly condemns the eating of cheese, though there is not a day on which he does not consume an immoderate quantity of it himself. In like manner Dr. Petoez will probably continue to drink the liquor which he condemns, and it is to be hoped that it will cure him of that hypochondria with which he seems to be afflicted. A few specimens of the declamations and arguments of this new enemy of coffee may amuse your readers:—

"Coffee is a real poison, pernicious to all persons without exception; neither age, nor sex, nor temperament, nor constitution, can authorize the use of it which inevitably produces the most dangerous consequences."—Page 4.

"Would you see a miserable wretch who grew old in the abuse of coffee?—look at the bust of Voltaire. Would you learn what direction he gave to his ideas by exalting his imagination by means of coffee?—read his works."—Page 11.

"The train of diseases which are the usual consequences of poison, manifest themselves sooner or later in every

coffee-drinker:—vapours, palpitation of the heart, restless nights, hæmorrhage, painful and excessive menstruation, hæmoptysis, trembling, vertigo, convulsions, asthenia, fainting, head-ache—such are the disorders observed in all drinkers of coffee. An infinite multitude of other chronic diseases, such as obstructions, strangury, cancer, consumption, eruptions of the face, excessive sterility or fecundity, abortion, prove to what a degree the use of coffee vitiates the humours of the human body.

“It is so true that all these diseases are occasioned by coffee, that the physician who wishes to calculate beforehand whether he shall have much to do in a family which he is summoned to attend, need only enquire whether this is their habitual beverage: if he finds that all its members, young and old, drink strong coffee, he may confidently anticipate frequent calls to exercise his art, and he will have no occasion to pay them visits of ceremony.”—Page 15.

“There is an astonishing difference between the diseases of persons who drink coffee, and those who do not. It is coffee that gives to epidemics a malignant character which they never had before this beverage was known; it is coffee that produces scrofula, inflammatory disorders, now so severe that they require frequent bleeding, a method which formerly was employed scarcely twice for that complaint; it is coffee that generates nervous fevers, and in short all other diseases. Did we not know that Pandora had emptied her box before coffee was discovered, we should say that, in order to afflict mankind with

every species of malady, that charming female, the work of the crafty Prometheus, would have had occasion only to pour out coffee.”—Page 23.

“The plague cuts off a great number of the inhabitants of the Levant, but it spares the most sober Mussulmans—those who scrupulously obey the precepts of the Koran, and abstain not only from wine, but also from every other agreeable beverage, and consequently from coffee.”—Page 24.

“The Arabs are the most famous coffee-drinkers; for this reason, that nation which formerly produced philosophers who studied Aristotle and Plato, whose physicians in the middle ages were so superior to those of all other countries, is now buried in the profoundest ignorance:—the heat of coffee has paralysed its intellectual faculties, the fire of coffee has burned up the delicate flowers of the understanding.

“Arabia Felix, a land to which nature has been so bountiful, is now inhabited only by wandering hordes, instead of being studded with flourishing towns and smiling villages which ensure competence and happiness to the industry of the inhabitants. To what influence does this nation owe its miserable condition?—To the use of coffee.”—Page 44.

Your readers will be ready to exclaim:—Physician heal thyself!—and they will agree with me that the author might have employed himself more beneficially for his fellow-creatures, had he acquainted them with the causes of that aberration of mind under which he evidently labours.

KUPHIPHILOS.

### THE WANDERER.\*

From the European Magazine, February 1818.

**T**HE next morning I awoke with feelings so different from those of the preceding day, and so perfectly novel to me that I was unable to account for them, the image of the beautiful girl I had seen wholly occupied my thoughts, and the description the French woman had given me of her, increased the interest I felt for her. I had been totally unacquainted with *la belle passion* until this time, (perhaps owing to my not having been

\* Continued from page 112.

thrown much in the company of the fair sex,) but I now felt that my affections were firmly engaged. It may seem improbable to some, and at this distance it seems almost unaccountable even to myself, how so strong a feeling had been so suddenly engendered, but it was perhaps at my time of life that the social feelings seek for some object on which to attach, and repose themselves; and the lovely girl I had so lately seen, having no one left to whom the ties of nature should



bind her, in a friendless and unprotected state, which strongly resembled my own, excited my sympathy as well as admiration. Every usual occupation seemed to have lost its interest for me, I sat down to read, and altho' my eyes mechanically followed the words, my mind was too much engaged in contemplating her image, who engrossed all my thoughts to have any share in my studies. I threw aside my books, and determined to walk; I had been walking some time, when I found that I had insensibly directed my steps towards the spot which I had been trying to forget.

After considering with myself in every possible light which the subject presented to me, I determined on endeavouring to obtain an introduction, if it was by any means possible; for this purpose I again called upon the garrulous French woman, and by way of beginning a conversation, which rather embarrassed me, I enquired after the health of the Abbé. She said he was so much better that he expected to be able to attend to his professional duties in a short time: this gave me a hint which I did not hesitate to profit by. I said that I was very glad to hear it, for that I wished for his assistance in studying the languages, and that I should call the next day, when I hoped to find him recovered,—as I said this, the woman smiled as I thought incredulously, but perhaps it was only a sensation of conscious shame at the duplicity with which I felt I was acting. I then asked after the young lady, "Oh, Monsieur," said she, feeling at once the drift of my visit and enquiries, "she is very well, and much happier than yesterday, in consequence of the Abbé's recovery." I now felt, that upon this subject I should have little command of myself, and that this woman, who already seemed to penetrate into my feelings, would know what she at present only guessed. I therefore left a card with her for the Abbé, and promising to call the next day, I returned home.

I lost no time in repairing the next day, and on enquiring for the Abbé, I was informed that he was sufficiently recovered to sit up, and had desired to see me when I should call. I was shewn to him. He was sitting, supported by pillows, in an easy chair—his figure was

small and spare, his features sharp and expressive, his countenance was pale through sickness, but his eyes had an uncommon vivacity and fire, he received me with great politeness, and lamenting his illness, which prevented his rising, he requested me to be seated.

We immediately entered on the subject which had brought me there. I said, that in the course of my studies at the University, and since my leaving, my attention had been directed to more severe subjects, and that I now wished to study the French and Italian languages, and the polite literature of each country, with a more critical attention than the cursory manner in which, from my chief time being otherwise employed, I had hitherto regarded them, and that it was on this account that I had sought his assistance. He said, he should be most happy in furthering my intentions, but that his illness, although he felt himself recovering, would, he feared, prevent him from waiting on me; this difficulty I with great eagerness obviated, and proposed that I would visit him at his own house for the purpose of receiving his instructions. He appeared gratified at what he called my kindness in preventing him so much trouble; and after some general conversation on the literature of the day, in which I found he was extremely well versed, and having arranged the order of my future visits to him, I took my leave.

Upon reflecting on the events of this visit, although much disappointed at not having seen the lady who was the object of it, my vanity consoled me by suggesting that I had made as great a progress in the Abbé's favour as could be expected from so short an acquaintance.

After I had regularly visited the Abbé for several days, and had at each time been grievously disappointed by not seeing the lady, I was one morning fortunate enough to find her with him, when he introduced her to me as *Mademoiselle Jacqueline de Montville*; a general conversation ensued, and I found her manners as engaging as her person was lovely. I prolonged my stay as much as was possible, and took leave of her with those sentiments of respect and love which I had before entertained, perfectly confirmed. Not to dwell

longer upon these circumstances, the more I saw of the young lady, the more I loved her; and at an interview which I had shortly after with her, when I found her alone, I disclosed those sentiments to her, and without any more coyness than gave a lustre to her modesty, she referred me to the Abbé.—I immediately went to him, and explained to him the state of affairs, adding, that Mademoiselle Jacqueline had referred me to him.

"My dear sir," said he, "as the only living protector of that amiable girl, you may suppose that I feel much anxiety as to her welfare, and I will confess to you, that I know no one to whom I would more willingly confide her happiness than yourself; but there are considerations which should prevent your rashly engaging in such a connexion as that which you now contemplate; you are nearly related to a noble family, who will perhaps offer some objections to your alliance with Jacqueline, on account of the adverse circumstances in which she is placed, although in point of birth, she may equal the proudest."

I here interrupted him by saying, that the situation in which I stood with my family, was not of that nature which made it necessary for me to consult them upon such a subject.

But, said the Abbé, it is at all events necessary that you should make your intentions known to them, and in the event of their disapprobation, you can only act as you would have done before.

"Yes, Monsieur," I replied; "but shall I not in some degree forfeit that independence which I have most coveted to preserve unfringed, by asking permission to do that which a refusal cannot prevent my doing?"

The Abbé said that he thought in this instance the objection could not hold, and that he thought it would shew a respectful attention which was due to Lord Trevayne.

As I saw that he particularly wished it to be done, I resolved to sacrifice my own scruples to those which he entertained, of course, considering it only as a compliment to be paid to Lord Trevayne, but not by any means a request which he could refuse.

I then took leave of Jacqueline and the Abbé, and retired to consider in what way I should make my application to Lord Trevayne; about which I felt some perplexity. However, I determined not to delay, and the next day I waited on him.—After some preliminary conversation, I said that I resolved to marry, and that previously to my doing so I thought proper to acquaint him with my intention.

His Lordship, fixing his eyes on me, appeared not to understand what I had been saying, and asked me what I meant: I instantly comprehended that what I had said did not meet his approbation; and this stratagem, which, perhaps, was intended to terrify, and certainly to confuse me, had quite a contrary effect, for, perceiving he wished to exert an authority to which I was by no means inclined to submit, I calmly and determinedly repeated my former conversation.

"And pray, sir," said his Lordship, "who is this person to whom you are going thus suddenly to ally yourself?"

"She is," I said, "of the French noblesse; her parents are both dead. She, with her mother, took refuge in this country soon after the commencement of the French Revolution; in fortune she is certainly deficient, but to that I have no right to object; and, in point of birth, she is, I conceive, unexceptionable."

"Perhaps, sir," said his Lordship, "I may be of a different opinion: but has she no name: for, in these times when the Revolution is used as a pretext for the creation of imaginary noblemen, it may be necessary to know something of her title."

"She is the only child," I said, "of the Comte de Montville, who fell in the French Revolution. Her mother has died very lately, and she is under the protection of a clergyman who was of the establishment of her father's family, and who accompanied the Comtesse into England."

"And may I ask you, sir," said his Lordship, "if you have thought of the means you will possess of maintaining a wife and the expenses of a family?"

"Yes, my lord, my professional exertions yield me a sum which, with economy, I consider quite ample to those pur-



poses, and this I may very reasonably suppose will not decrease."

"Mighty well," said his lordship, "but listen to me; I had expected better things from your good sense and prudence, than to be thus led away by the artifices of the first woman who has caught your fancy; even if the tale you have been led to believe should prove true; but which you will allow me to doubt, she is still beneath you, who, with your own abilities and my influence may reasonably look much higher—but, sir, there are more weighty considerations: the honour of your family is not to be sacrificed to your romantic feelings; it has already suffered enough in your unhappy father's imprudence, whose fate may read you the consequences of such rashness. I must hope that you will think better of it, and give up your present purpose."

I had restrained my feelings during his Lordship's speech, and when he finished, with as much coolness as I could summon, I said to him: "You are unacquainted with the lady whom I have had the honour to mention to you, or you could not have implied to her any thing like artifice: and, as to the fate of my revered father, it was such as I contemplate with very different feelings from

those of regret: he died gloriously in the service of his country: and, had he lived, the society of his amiable wife (whose birth and virtues rendered her in every respect a suitable alliance for him, and one in which the honour of this family could not be said to be sacrificed), would have rendered his life as happy as he deserved. But," I added, "I fear your Lordship has mistaken the purpose for which I came to you; it was not to ask your permission on a subject which I have already well considered, and on which I have fully determined, but it was to acquaint you of an event of importance to me, and which I therefore held it right that you should be informed of."

During this latter part of the conversation his Lordship had been several times on the point of interrupting me, and his eyes showed the passion with which he was agitated: on a sudden, however, he seemed to grow calm, and without making any direct reply to me, he said, "At all events it will be proper for me to make some enquiries about this lady, and I will therefore trouble you for her address." This I immediately gave him, and desiring to see me the next day, he abruptly withdrew.

To be continued.

## NATURALISTS' DIARY FOR MAY.

From Time's Telescope, May 1818.

- - - - - Returning Spring,  
Borne on the balmy zephyr's fragrant wing,  
Like a young beauteous bride from orient bowers,  
Sparkling with dewy gems and crowned with flowers;  
Hastes to her favourite isle, and round her pours,  
In rich profusion, health's exhaustless stores.

**M**AY is usually considered as the most delightful month in the whole year, and has long been the Muse's favourite theme; altho' much that is said of its beauties applies better to more southern climates, or, indeed, to our month of JUNE, which is, commonly, entitled to all the praises that the poets have lavished upon MAY. This month, however, is remarkable for the profusion of verdure which it exhibits: nature's carpet is fresh laid, and nothing can be more grateful than to press its velvet surface. The scenery of a May morning is, not unfrequently, as beautiful as possibly

can be conceived; a serene sky, a refreshing fragrance arising from the face of the earth, and the melody of the feathered tribes, all combine to render it inexpressibly delightful, to exhilarate the spirits, and call forth a song of grateful adoration. Yet May, like its predecessor April, is often very changeful, and cold winds and a gloomy atmosphere have, of late, usurped the place of a clear blue sky, and an enlivening sun. Unpromising as this revolution in our climate may appear to our limited views, we must still console ourselves with reflecting that we can never be sufficiently grateful for the thousand blessings that we still enjoy, and be contented to commit the care of the Seasons to Him, who knows best how to rule them in his consummate wisdom.

Think of the poor Greenlander's dismal caves,  
When thro' their long long night they buried lie ;  
Or the more wretched lands where hopeless slaves  
Toil hopelessly beneath the fervid sky.

The latest species of the summer birds of passage arrive about the beginning of this month. The insect tribes continue to add to their numbers. About this time, *bees* send forth their early swarms. Heart's-ease (*viola tricolor*) shows its interesting little flower in corn fields. The butter-cup (*ranunculus bulbosus*) spreads over the meadows ; the cole-seed (*brassica napus*) in cornfields, bryony (*brionia dioica*), and the arum, or cuckoo-pint, in hedges, now show their flowers.

The female glow-worm (*lampyris noctiluca*) is seen on dry banks, about woods, pastures, and hedgeways, exhibiting, as soon as the dusk of the evening commences, the most vivid and beautiful phosphoric splendour, in form of a round spot of considerable size.

Hail, May ! lovely May ! how replenished my pails !  
The young Dawn o'erspreads the broad east, streaked with gold !

My glad heart beats time to the laugh of the vales,  
And Colin's voice rings through the wood from the fold.

The wood to the mountain submissively bends,  
Whose blue misty summit first glows with the sun !  
See ! thence a gay train by the wild rill descends  
To join the mixed sports :—Hark ! the tumult's begun.

Be cloudless, ye skies !—And be Colin but there ;  
Not dew-spangled bants on the wide level dale,  
Nor morning's first smile, can more lovely appear  
Than his looks, since my wishes I cannot conceal.

Swift down the mad dance, while blest Health prompts to move,  
We'll court joys to come, and exchange vows of truth ;  
And haply, when Age cools the transports of Love,  
Deary, like good folks, the vain follies of youth.

To this pretty song of the milk maid, we subjoin the 'Melodies of Morning,' as forming a beautiful illustration of the scenery of May.

#### MELODIES of the MORNING.

But who the melodies of morn can tell ?  
The wild brook babbling down the mountain side ;  
The lowing herd ; the sheepfold's simple bell ;  
The pipe of early shepherd dim desiered  
In the lone valley ; echoing far and wide  
The clamorous horn along the cliffs above ;  
The hollow murmur of the ocean tide ;  
The hum of bees, and linnet's lay of love,  
And the full choir that wakes the universal grove.

The cottage curs at early pilgrim bark ;  
Crowned with her pail the tripping milkmaid sings ;  
The whistling ploughman stalks afield ; and, hark !  
Down the rough slope the ponderous waggon rings ;  
Through rustling corn the hare astonished springs ;  
Slow tolls the village-clock the drowsy hour ;  
The partridge bursts away on whirring wings ;  
Deep mourns the turtle in sequestered bower,  
And shrill lark carols clear from her aerial tow'r.

In this and the succeeding month, nothing so much attracts our attention as the order of succession, and infinite variety of flowers. Some admirable reflections upon this subject we subjoin, in the language of an interesting and eloquent writer on Natural History : 'The attentive observer will perceive that every plant upon earth appears in its appointed order. The God of Seasons, the God of Beauty and Excellence, hath exactly determined the time when *this* flower shall unfold its leaves, *that* spread its glowing beauties of the Sun, and a *third* hang down its drooping head, and, withered, "resign its sunny robes." A few weeks ago we first saw the *snowdrop* rise in lowly clusters from the ground. Long before the trees venture to unfold their leaves, and while Winter yet ventures to maintain his dreary reign, it displays its milk-white flow'rets to the eye :

First leader of the flowery race aspires,  
And foremost catches the Sun's genial fires,  
Mid frosts and snows triumphant dares appear,  
Mingles the seasons, and leads on the year.

'Next appears the *crocus*, too timid yet to resist the impetuosity of the winds. With this comes the fragrant *violet*, the expressive emblem of that retiring goodness, which, with unostentatious hand, contributes silently to the happiness of all around. The *polyanthus*, too, with countless colours, and the *auricula*, inestimable for the exquisite richness of its powdered tints, demand the skilful culture of the florist. These, with many others which grow in foreign countries, upon the mountains, may be called, without impropriety, the vanguard of the flowery host.

'These beauteous children of Nature do not appear all at once, but in the most enchanting regularity of succession. Each month displays the beauties peculiar to itself. Soon succeeds the *tulip*, the transient glory of the garden : the *anemone*, encircled at the bottom with a



spreading robe, and rounded, at the top, into a beautiful dome; and the *ranunculus*, which displays all the magnificence of foliage, and charms the eye with such a brilliant assemblage of colours. Nor lingers behind the *rose*, the favourite flower of poets, which glows with its own vivid tints, and diffuses around its aromatic sweets; while the *carnation*, as if centering in itself the perfection of every flower, attracts the wonder, by that lustre and variety of hues, and that fragrant of scent, which entitle it to a kind of pre-eminence over the most beautiful of the painted tribe.

No gradual bloom is wanting; from the bud  
First-born of Spring, to Summer's musky tribes:  
Nor hyacinth, of purest virgin white,  
Low bent, and blushing inward; nor jonquil's  
Oft potent fragrance; nor Narcissus fair,  
As o'er the fabled fountain hanging still;  
Nor broad carnations, nor gay-spotted pinks;  
Nor, showered from every bush, the damask-rose.  
Infinite varieties, delicacies, smells,  
With hues on hues expression cannot paint,  
The breath of Nature, and her endless bloom.

'What an inexhaustible source of grateful admiration does this regular succession of flowers present! What manifest displays of Divine Wisdom and ever active Goodness! Were all the flowers of the different seasons to bloom together in one gay assemblage, we should sometimes be overpowered with profusion, and at other times lament a total privation. Scarce should we be able to discern one half of their innumerable beauties, when the eye, with unspeakable regret, would witness their decay. But while its proper time and place is allotted to every kind of flower, this delightful succession enables us to contemplate them with greater convenience and exactness. We can often repeat the pleasing examination, enjoy all their beauties at our leisure, and form a more intimate acquaintance with them. This wise arrangement of Providence affords us another inestimable advantage. We not only view the various kinds of flowers as they flourish, in the most beautiful perfection, but we become less sensible on this account of their transient duration. The early flowers flourish awhile, and wither; but a variety of new

kinds is constantly springing up, to prolong the beauty of the garden, and as it were, to perpetuate our pleasure.

'The infinite variety of flowers is not less a subject of admiration than their regular succession, and equally evinces consummate wisdom and design. Had there been an exact uniformity in the structure, form, and colour, the fragrantcy and other properties of flowers, that uniformity would have become fatiguing, and we should soon have languished for the charms of novelty. Or if the summer were to be productive of no other flowers than what adorn the spring, we should not only become weary of contemplating them, but neglect to bestow upon them the necessary care of cultivation. The Divine Goodness is indeed apparent, in having diversified the productions of the vegetable kingdom in such a delightful manner, as to add to their perfections the charms of a variety ever pleasing and ever new. This diversity is not discernible only in the different families of flowers, but it is to be seen moreover in the individuals. While the *carnation* is different from the *tulip*, and the *tulip* from the *auricula*, each *carnation*, each *tulip*, and each *auricula*, has its peculiar character, with its particular beauties and varieties. In each there is something original. In a bed of tulips or carnations, there is scarce a flower in which the shape and shades are exactly similar.

'Some flowers rear their lofty heads, as if in proud pre-eminence over others, that rise to a moderate height, or keep their humble station near the ground. Some glow with the most gaudy colours, while others charm the eye with their elegant simplicity. With what masterly skill are the varying tints disposed; magnificently bold in some; in others delicately faint; laid on in *these* with a kind of negligence, and adjusted in *those* by the nicest touches of art! Some perfume the air with the most exquisite odours; while others are content to delight the eye, without gratifying the sense of smell. In fine, we behold that successive beauty, that pleasing variety, and that endearing novelty in flowers, in comparison of which all the works of art must appear insipid and disgusting.'

## BIOGRAPHICAL PORTRAITS.

From the New Monthly Magazine, Jan. 1818.

ROBERT BOWMAN, of Irthington.

AS every thing which AGE has made venerable becomes an object of curiosity, the following narrative\* of the life of a very old man, given in all the simplicity, which such a topic requires, may not be uninteresting to the reader.

‘ROBERT BOWMAN, the subject of these memoirs, was born at Hayton, near Brampton, in 1705, and was brought up to the pursuits of a husbandman. He has resided during the last forty years of his life at Irthington, a pleasant hamlet, surrounded by a tract of dry and well-cultivated land, about seven miles from Carlisle. Some time last May, accompanied by my worthy friend the vicar of the parish and his son, I paid a visit to his humble habitation, which, like its aged proprietor, has withstood many a wintry blast. I found him lying on a couch near the fire-place, with the roseate glow of health on his cheeks, and a serenity on his countenance that indicated the tranquillity of his heart. I approached him with a veneration that is due to an old man of *one hundred and twelve*; and was happy to find in the course of conversation, that *time*, though it had blanched his locks, and furrowed his brow, had not impaired his hearing, his memory, or his intellects, and that though it had extended him on his couch and incapacitated him from walking, he was not without hopes of continuing the contest with the *tyrant* a few years longer. All the occurrences of his youth are still fresh in his memory. He well remembers the insurrection of the Scots in 1715, in favour of the Pretender, when the sheriff of Cumberland mustered on Penrith Fell the *posse comitatus* to stop the progress of the rebels; and can recollect the time when barley was three shillings per bushel (Carlisle—three Winchester), oats eighteen-pence a bushel, butter three-pence per pound, and eggs a penny per dozen. Wheat and potatoes had not then made their appearance in Cumberland, and animal food and tea were mostly confined to the tables of the opulent. If the Cumberland peasant could

see an oatmeal pancake, and a *cowed lword* (a sort of pudding made of oatmeal and hog’s lard) smoking on his board, he cast no longing eye at the fleshpots of his more wealthy countrymen.

At the age of fifty, our venerable villager married and took a farm of *five pounds per annum* rent in his native parish, which he managed so successfully as to realize a little fortune. He had all the merit of a good farmer; he was skilful, frugal, active, and industrious; and what adds not a little to his character, was well respected by his neighbours. His wife, who had been long the sharer of his toils, and by whom he had several children, died several years ago. He felt her loss sensibly; but had too much veneration for her memory to enter into a second marriage. He determined to live a chaste widower: and “the *bonniest lass*,” he would say, “that ever was wooed in a corner, should never tempt him to break that resolution.”

When old Parr (the *Shropshire Methusaleh*) was conducted to London by the Earl Marshal of England, and introduced to Charles the First, his majesty said to him rather piquantly, “You have lived longer than other men, what have you done more than other men?” He answered, “I did penance when I was an hundred years old.”\* If the old man of Irthington has not, like Parr, left any *living* proof of his virility at the age of an hundred, it must not be attributed to the impotency and frigidity common to that period of life, but to a philosophical command over his passions, and to a heart deeply imbued with religion, that recoils at the thoughts of indulging them illicitly. Long after he had completed a century, time had made so little impression on his constitution, that he could perform the most laborious operations of husbandry, and use the spade, the flail, the scythe, the reaping-hook, with all the vigour and dexterity of a person that has not seen thirty summers. At the age of one hundred, he joined the chase, and *ran* after

\* Peck’s *Desiderata Curiosa*. In Oldy’s Notes on Fuller’s *Worthies*, we find the occurrence thus recorded:—“1588, Etat. 105, did penance at Aiderbury Church, for lying with Catherine Milton, and getting her with child.”

\* Written by the venerable T. Sanderson, of Carlisle.



the hounds ; and at one hundred and nine he walked to and from Carlisle, a distance of fourteen miles, with an expedition that would surprise men in these degenerate times : and it is but little more than a year since he assisted the family in the harvest field.

He has always lived abstemiously ; his diet being chiefly potatoes, butter, cheese, milk, and hasty pudding.† Snuff or tobacco he never used, and seldom tasted spirituous liquors. He is no friend to tea-drinking, to the general prevalence of which he imputes the whole train of nervous disorders and mental maladies which have spread so much pain and misery over the world. He has no aversion to ale, provided it be made of good malt and hops, which, he says, was always the case before the establishment of public breweries. He was never intoxicated but once during his life ; a circumstance that happened during the festivity of a marriage, when that grave virtue, *sobriety*, is generally forced to give way to jolly Comus and his train. His dress was generally light, even in the rigour of winter ; and whether the weather was cold or tempestuous, he was seldom seen muffled up in a surtout. He rarely wore gloves, which he considered as an effeminate covering ; and boots and spatterdashes were also rejected for the same reason. He made it his invariable practice to go to bed soon and rise early, and during the summer season generally took a noon-tide nap on some breezy bank, where he enjoyed the air in all its purity and elasticity.

His life in many particulars resembles that of *Old Parr*, as described by *Taylor*, the Water Poet :—

Goodwlesome labour was his exercise,  
Down with the lamb, and with the lark would rise ;  
In mire and toiling sweat he spent the day,

† On this dish, called sometimes *Thick Pottage*, the Cumberland peasant generally makes his morning and evening repast. The following anecdote from *Clark's Introduction to the Survey of the Lakes*, is a sufficient evidence of its wholesomeness : “ A medical gentleman who had taken up his residence in the neighbourhood of Keswick, on being asked how he liked his situation, made the following reply : ‘ My situation is a very eligible one as a *gentleman*, I can fish, hunt, and shoot amidst a profusion of game of every kind ; but as a *physician*, I cannot say that it is so alluring, for the natives have gotten the art of preserving their health without bolusses or electuaries, by a sort of plaster taken inwardly, called *Thick Pottage* : this preserves them from the various diseases that shake the human fabric, and makes them slide into the grave by the gradual decay of nature ! ’ ” After reading so strong an attestation in favour of this meritorious dish, who will not regret that the tea-kettle should have usurped the place of the pottage-pan in many of our farm-houses ?

And to his team he whistled time away.  
The cock his night-clock, and till day was done,  
His watch and chief sun-dial was the sun ;  
He entertained no gout, no ache he felt,  
The air was good and temp'rate where he dwelt,  
While mavisses and sweet-tongued nightingales  
Did chaunt him roundelays and madrigals.

It may seem rather astonishing in this sickly pill-taking age, that a doctor's *recipe* was never known to enter his house ; for, like many other old men who have enjoyed an uninterrupted state of good health, no argument could ever convince him of the utility of the medical profession. The strength of nature, and a good constitution, he thinks sufficient to withstand any distemper with whatever severity it may make its attacks ; and he looks upon the increase of physicians and apothecaries as a melancholy testimony of the degeneracy of modern times. To his industrious habits and temperance, to the restriction of the passions within the limits which virtue and religion prescribe, and to the quality and serenity of his temper, which he never suffered an over-solicitude for the perishable things of this world to destroy, as well as the native vigour of his constitution, must be attributed, in a great measure, the advanced age which he has at present attained.—His stature hardly reaches the middle size, his frame is rather slender, excepting that he has a broad chest, and his countenance is said to have had formerly much animation. He still retains a part of the vivacity of his youth, is always cheerful, and sometimes facetious. He is communicative, but not garrulous, and is lavish in his panegyric on past times, without much disposition to censure the present. To a man who has attained his 113th year, it cannot be supposed that life can bring many pleasures. The companions of his youth are all gone, and a new generation has risen around him. He may well say with the author of the “ *Night Thoughts*,”

—My world is dead,  
A new world rises, and new manners reign.  
What a pert race starts up ! the strangers gaze,  
And I at them ; my neighbour is unknown.

But though every thing appears dreary and solitary around him, the tranquillity of his mind has not forsaken him ; he believes with all the firmness of a good Christian that “ there is another and a better world,” where sorrow, and pain, and care, shall not enter.

## VARIETIES.

From the New Monthly Magazine, March 1818.

### THE DUKE D'ENGHIEN AND THE DUKE OF BOURBON.

**A**N event which lately plunged the British empire into mourning will give interest to the following fact:—

The Duke d'Enghein, whose murder is one of the blackest stains in Buonaparte's history, the only child of the Duke and Duchess of Bourbon, was brought into the world after a most painful labour of 48 hours. The infant was black, motionless, and to all appearance dead. The medical attendants wrapped him in cloths steeped in spirits of wine for the purpose of renewing the vital heat. Scarcely was animation restored when a spark flew upon the inflammable cloths, which took fire, and the prince was a second time rescued from death by the united exertions of the *accoucheur* and physician.

The marriage of the Duke of Bourbon was itself a remarkable circumstance. He was born in April, 1756, and was little more than a child when he became deeply enamoured of a daughter of the Duke of Orleans, who was six years older than himself. He was only 15 when the nuptials took place; but it was resolved that he should travel a year or two before he was suffered to cohabit with the princess. But he eluded the vigilance of his argus-eyed attendants, and carried off his bride from the convent in which she had been placed. This happened in 1771, and furnished a French dramatist with the subject of a comic opera entitled *L'Amoureux de quinze Ans*. The Duke d'Enghein was born in the following year, 1772.

### REMARKABLE ACOUSTIC EXPERIMENT.

M. PICTET, of Geneva, states a curious circumstance relative to sound, on occasion of a visit which he lately paid to a manufactory of sulphuric acid at Winterthur in Switzerland. The rooms in this manufactory are very large. One of them was empty, says M. Pictet, and the proprietor, M. Ziegler, invited us to avail ourselves of this occasion for making a very curious experiment. It

was this. When you introduce your head into this room, by a lateral window, about breast-high, and sound the notes *ut mi sol*, they produce a perfect chord in continuous sound, like that of stringed instruments. This chord is kept up for about ten seconds in a manner highly pleasing to the ear, which can even distinguish octaves above those which have been sounded.—M. Pictet ascribes this effect to the reciprocal and perfectly regular reflexions of all the faces of the parallelepipedon in which these reflexions are formed by vibrations of air respectively isochronal to those which belong to the notes sounded; but which being prolonged all at once for a longer or shorter time, produce the continuous accord which is heard.

From the Literary Gazette, February 1818.

A Provincial went lately to a bookseller's shop in Paris, and enquired for M. de B—'s last work. "Which of them do you want?" said the bookseller, "we have his *Discourse* and his *Thoughts*." "Are they not the same?" "Certainly not, Sir." "In that case," replied the countryman, "I will neither buy the one nor the other; I don't like this difference between what one *thinks* and what one *says*!"

The new King of Sweden is a Gascon, of whom there are as many jests told as of the Irish with us. The following are specimens: a Gascon said, "I have so warlike an air, that when I look into a glass I am afraid of myself!"—Another Gascon, whose valet was putting on his cuirass for battle one day, said to him, "Put that on behind, for my heart whispers that I shall run away to-day."—A third, who used to boast of his courage, did actually fly from the field; a Liegeois asked him where was his bravery? "In my leg," answered the hero.—A messenger came to a Gascon in the middle of the night, to inform him of the death of his father; "Ah me!" said he, "how dreadfully afflicted shall I be when I awake to-morrow morning."

The French translator of Franklin's Correspondence, has made a true French



blunder. Franklin somewhere says ; "People imagined that an American was a kind of Yahoo." Upon this the translator makes the following note : "Yahoo. It must be an animal. It is affirmed that this is the Opossum ; but I have not been able to find the word Yahoo in any dictionary of Natural History." !!!—This reminds us of an anecdote also founded on one of Swift's admirable works. A gentleman saw a person poring over an Atlas, and seemingly disconcerted by some want of success. "Can't you find what you want," said he, "or can I assist you?" "I don't know (was the reply) for I have been looking two hours through all latitudes and longitudes, and cannot discover this cursed *Lilliput* any where' !!

From the Literary Panorama, March 1818.

#### ATHANASIAN CREED.

When the late Reverend Mr. Wright had a small living in the West of England, he refused to read the Athanasian Creed, though repeatedly desired to do so by his parishioners. The parishioners complained to the Bishop, *who ordered it to be read*. Now this creed is appointed to be said or sung, and Mr. Wright, accordingly on the following Sunday, thus addressed his congregation : "*Next follows Athanasius's Creed, either to be said or sung, and with Heaven's leave, I'll sing it.—Now Clerk, mind what you are about.*" When they both struck up, and sung it with great glee, to a fox hunting tune, which, having previously practised, was well performed. The parishioners again met, and informed their Pastor of what they called the indecorum—but the Bishop said that their Pastor was right, for it was so ordered, upon which they declared that they would dispense with the creed in future ; nor did Mr. Wright ever after either *read* or *sing* it.

#### ARTIFICIAL NOSES.

M. GRAFE, of Berlin, has lately proved that the process by which the Italian surgeon, Taliacozzo, was enabled upwards of two centuries since to restore lost noses, is not so absurd and fabulous as it has hitherto been generally considered. The person upon whom he has most successfully performed the operation which confirms the reality of that process, is named Michael Schubring. This man, who is 28 years old, lost his nose in the campaigns of 1812 and 1813 by the stroke of a sabre. The operation took place in the Chirurgical Institution of the University of Ber-

lin, of which M. Gräfe is director, in the presence of the principal civil and military authorities of the capital, and a numerous assemblage of students. The nose was formed, agreeably to the process of Taliacozzo, from the skin of the arm. The success of the operation answered the most sanguine expectations, and the patient obtained a well-shaped nose, with two perfect nostrils and cartilage, which performs all the functions of a natural organ.—As this first experiment had proved so satisfactory, it became an object of considerable interest to try the method practised in India, and twice repeated with the best success by Mr. Carpue in London. By a comparison of the two methods a rational opinion might be formed of their respective merits. A fit subject for this second experiment was soon found in the person of Christina Müller, a woman of 50, who had long lost her nose in consequence of a cancerous affection. The operation was performed on the 29th of July last and a new nose formed from the skin of the forehead. It was attended with no difficulty ; and the healing of the new nose and forehead was so rapid that in six weeks the patient was discharged. The formation of the new nose is so perfectly satisfactory that the woman declares herself completely compensated by it for the natural one. M. Gräfe designs shortly to publish a comparison of the two methods founded on his own experiments, which will demonstrate the superiour advantages and success attending the formation of the new organ from the skin of the arm, whereby also the disfigurement arising from the scar on the forehead is avoided.

#### SUPERSTITIONS.

The plant called *Nightshade*, which grows among the mouldering bones and decayed coffins in the ruinous vaults of Sleaford Church, in Lincolnshire, was formerly much celebrated in the mysteries of witchcraft. The superstitious ceremonies or histories, belonging to some vegetables, have been truly ridiculous. Thus the Druids are said to have cropped the *Mistletoe* with a golden axe, or sickle, and the *Bryone* or *Mandrake* was said to utter a scream when its root was drawn from the ground ; and the animal which drew it up was supposed to become diseased, on which account when it was wanted for the purpose of medicine, it was usual to loosen the earth about the root, and then to tie it by means of a cord to the tail of some animal, who was made to pull it up, and was then supposed to suffer for the impiety of the action. PRICE in his history of Cornwall, mentions the *Divining Rod*, which was of hazle, and held horizontally in the hand, and was said to bow towards the ore, whenever a conjurer walked over a mine.

## POETRY.

From the Literary Gazette, March 1818.

## MONTICELLO.

(From the MS. Journal of a late Tour on the Continent.)

WE had returned from our excursion on the lake with something like a determination, not the less sincere for its being less "loud than deep," to look for no more raptures in water excursions;—but the evenings in this country are so proverbially fine, that one easily forgets the ruffings of the day. The sun was going down as we ascended the hill to the *Casa Cavaletti*, and without the usual raptures on orange skies and perfumed airs, the sight from the summit was most noble, various, and picturesque. This is the land of colours, and the landscape was an immense panorama, tinged in long sweeps of radiance, as if each was the division of a map. Lombardy lay before us on the left, an endless expansion of the green of vineyard and fruit gardens; then came the true Italian view of hills, touched with crimson lights, and in the intervals glimpses of three or four remote lakes, that looked like sheets of sanguined steel. In front the sun was stooping in full glory upon Milan, and the dome of the Cathedral rose among heavy purple clouds, like a pillar of gold;—the Bolognese hills were the relief of this magnificent foreground, and they had the additional depth of being loaded with what seemed a growing thunderstorm. To all this nothing was wanting but a group of banditti, or a procession of pilgrims; and, as Fortune would have it, we were suddenly called from our aerial contemplations to look upon what might have been taken for either. Our guide, whom we sent to reconnoitre, soon returned, and told us that they were redeemed slaves from Algiers. They seemed a very ferocious troop; we, however, were numerous enough not to feel much alarm, and waited for their coming, which was preluded by a general *Viva* for the *Bravi Inglesi*. They were about 40; some of them had been long in slavery, and bore the marks of an African sun in their stained and withered complexions. We soon grew excellent friends, and heard a multitude of stories of the attack under Lord Exmouth,—unmeasured praise of English gallantry, and some strong descriptions of the desperation of the Moors, and the slaughter within the walls. We were generous, as they called it; and, before parting, they gave a specimen of their gratitude. They produced two women, whom, in defiance of all the laws of Algiers and Mahomed, they had smuggled away, in the general confusion of their departure, and we were honoured with a dance. The sun was now setting, and we became impatient of lingering among the hills, and rather suspicious of night in such company. However, they insisted that they should be permitted the honour of exhibiting their finest specimen of African accomplishment. They ranged themselves into two parties, with the exception of ten or twelve, who did not consider themselves equal to the display. A few moments were enough for them to bind their sashes round their heads into some resemblance of a turban; their cloaks were flung scarfed round their shoulders, and we found ourselves in the presence of what might be easily mistaken for a band of travelling Moors. They had contrived to preserve some mandolines and a wild

kind of horn in use among the shepherds on the borders of the desert. They found out a level spot on the hill side, and commenced with a species of chorus and a confused dance. This soon ceased, and they divided. One of the females headed each party. We were standing below, and with our backs to the sun. The unemployed slaves were scattered round the edge of the circle, wrapped in their brown cloaks, that reached to the ground, and with their fixed dark faces and unmoving figures, like so many monuments of stone. The sun was now touching the horizon, and broad gleams of fiery light were struggling through the heavy clouds that were rolling downwards to the hill. In the midst of a sudden glare of rose-coloured and sanguine radiance, one of the women advanced from the centre of the dancers, who were grouped on the summit. She was a tall and stately figure, and must have once been very handsome. A Greek and stern profile, bold and rapidly-moving eyebrows, large eyes of the deepest black, a cheek of artificial crimson, and a mouth of such dimpled sweetness as strangely contrasted with the haughty and tragic expression of her general physiognomy. We afterwards learned that she was a Turkess who had been sent among the menials of the Haram for some act of violence or revenge. She declaimed a soliloquy of which we did not understand one word, for it was in Arabic. She frequently pointed to the Heavens, then cast her eyes round, paused, listened, then gazed upwards as if she saw some descending wonder; this closed with a prostration. A painter might have made a noble study of this subject, with the wild gesture and illumined figure, the scarlet shawl that crowned her brow, like a wreath of fire in the sun, and her countenance alternately brightening and darkening as if with the spell within. She might have stood for a Cassandra. As she rose the two parties commenced singing in turn, and with the same style of gesture, turning from earth to Heaven. This singular pantomime was to represent the transmission of Mohammed's sword from the upper world; and, whether from the vengeance of their Moorish masters, or its intrinsic beauty, had been one of the tasks imposed on such of the slaves as exhibited any "music in their souls" to learn. The chorus, heard at another time and place, might not have produced any very extravagant admiration, and its instrumental part was miserable; but heard under all the circumstances, even the chime of the mandolines, and the sad and deep notes of the desert horn, breaking in among voices that in all their captivity were Italian, seemed, in that place of solitude, and in the presence of the beings who had themselves undergone the "perils by fire, and flood, and chains of the Moor," made up, as we all subsequently agreed, the most powerful effect that we had ever experienced from music. On parting they gave us the words of their chant, which I send you versified, from a literal translation by our friend H---.

## THE PROPHET'S SCYMITAR.

I SEE a tempest in the sky,  
The clouds are rushing wild and high!  
'Tis dark---and darker still! The moon  
Is wan---is fiery red---is gone;



Along the horizon's edge a ring  
Of fearful light hangs wavering.  
Yet all beneath, around, is still,  
All as entranc'd---lake, vale, and hill.  
Hark to the thunder-peal!--'Tis past,  
Scarce echoing on the upward blast:  
The lightnings upward to the pole  
Roll gorgeous;--not for us they roll.  
Things in that tossing sky have birth  
This hour, that bear no stain of earth.

\* \* \* \* \*

The storm descends again!--the peal---  
The lightning's hiss---the whirlwind's swell,  
At once come deepening on the ear:  
The cloud is now a sanguine sphere,  
That, down a cataract of light,  
Shoots from the summit of the night;  
And glorious shapes along its verge,  
Like meteors flash, ascend, immerge.  
The broad, black Heav'n is awed and calm,  
The earth sends up its incense-balm,  
The cloud-wreath folds the mountain's brow,  
The lake's long billow sinks below,  
All slumbering, far as eye can gaze,  
In sapphire---one blue, mystic blaze!

\* \* \* \* \*

They come!--Whence swept that sound, so  
near,

So sweet, it pains the mortal ear?  
A sound that on the spirit flings  
A spell, to open all its springs.  
(That sound thou'lt hear no more, till rise  
Thine own white wings in Paradise.)  
List to the song the Genii pour,  
As from yon airy isle they soar,  
Chanting alternate, height o'er height,  
Halo on halo, diamond bright,---  
The strain that told, from star to star,  
They brought the talisman of war,  
The Prophet's matchless Scymitar!

GENIE.

Allah il Allah!--high in Heaven,  
Might to the MIGHTIEST be given!  
Mohammed, Prophet, Prince, be thine  
On earth Dominion's master-sign!  
On thy bold brow no jewell'd band---  
No sceptre in thy red right-hand;---  
Forth---and fulfil thy destiny!  
The Scymitar descends for thee.

CHORUS.

Hail, holy Scymitar! thy steel  
Is lightning's flash, and thunder's peal!

GENIE.

Nor mortal force, nor earthly flame  
Wake in the mine its mighty frame:  
Its mine was in the tempest's gloom,  
Its forge was in the thunder's womb.  
To give its hue, the eclipsing moon  
In brief and bloody splendour shone;---  
The comet, rushing from its steep,  
Trac'd thro' the Heav'n the steel's broad  
sweep.

CHORUS.

Prince of the starry diadem,  
Where found its blade the burning gleam?

GENIE.

'Twas edged upon the living stone  
That lights the tomb of Solomon;  
Then, rising, temper'd in the wave  
That floats thro' Mecca's holy cave.  
Above--upon its hilt were graven  
The potent characters of Heaven;  
Then, on the footsteps of the THRONE  
'Twas laid;---it blaz'd, the charm was done.

CHORUS.

Now, woe to helm, and woe to shield,  
That meets it rushing o'er the field;  
Like dust before its edge shall fall  
The temper'd sword, the solid mail;

Till like a star its glories swell  
In terrors on the Infidel;---  
A sun foredoom'd to pour its rays  
Till earth is burning in its blaze!

C.

From the London Literary Gazette.

### A PORTRAIT.

BY MRS. HEN. ROLLS.

**T**HERE is a calmness on that brow,  
Tho' traced by lines of early care;  
No anxious thought disturbs it now,  
For all seems fixt and settled there.  
There is a languor in that eye,  
The struggle of the soul seems past;  
No gathering tear is rising nigh,  
There all seems still and sunk at last.  
No swelling sigh that bosom heaves,  
It rises slowly like the wave  
Which sadly tranquil ocean heaves,  
To wash the shipwreck'd seaman's grave.  
Yet scorn him not, ye selfish train!  
That murmur o'er each little woe;  
Who ne'er a lonely pang sustain,  
Or bid one tear unnoticed flow!  
Ye never knew the noble pride,  
The inborn dignity of mind,  
That can its keenest feelings hide,  
When every earthly hope's resign'd!  
For on that high, that open brow,  
Once beam'd the energies of mind;  
And that sunk eye, so languid now,  
Has glow'd with tenderness refin'd.  
But, oh! that sadly swelling heart  
Conceals a wound that must remain;  
No soothing balm relieves its smart,  
Or binds the ever bleeding vein.  
Then, what can wake the tender tear,  
Or bid the tide of genius roll,---  
To him, who sees each future year,  
A deep, sad solitude of soul!  
*Dunchurch Vicarage,*  
*March 11, 1818.*

From the New Monthly Magazine.

### LINES

*Written on seeing the Tomb-Stone of a young  
man who died of a broken heart, from the per-  
fidy of his mistress, in ----- church yard.  
Addressed to the flower "Forget me not."*

**D**AISY, by yon tomb-stone growing,  
Drooping with the tears of morn,  
Fall they here, so sweetly flowing,  
Let them this rude spot adorn!  
Could'st thou, every sunbeam flying,  
Hide thee in a spot like this,  
And o'er buried passions sighing,  
Fondly woo it with a kiss?  
Could'st thou, to this shade retiring,  
When the eve is still and dim,  
On this grave chill fear inspiring,  
Linger o'er the form of him?  
As the cypress mildly beaming,  
Much too stern and dark for thee,  
Could'st with softest pity streaming,  
Seek this scene of misery?  
Better, were it not, sweet flower,  
In the breast of love to lie;  
Near that heart from whose warm bower  
Thou should'st win the love-lorn sigh?

There thou should'st not droop nor wither---  
 There thou should'st not brook the storm---  
 Thither, lovely flower, thither,  
 For the pulse of love is warm.  
 No ; beside the clay-cold lover,  
 Thou would'st weep thy love away,  
 And at every breeze discover,  
 Passion is not lost in clay.  
 No ! thou'rt near the heart that flutter'd  
 With love's dreams, but now is cold ;---  
 Near the lips that wildly utter'd,  
 What too oft could not be told---  
 Near the cheek once fresh with roses---  
 Near the heart once warm as thee---  
 Near the head that here reposes  
 To the day that aye shall be.  
 Oh ! that she might see thee weeping,  
 Trembling o'er him with the blast ;  
 Would she weep for him that's sleeping ?  
 Would she tremble for the past ?  
 Would she warm her breast unto thee ?  
 Azure in a bed of snow ;  
 While so sweet her tears bedew thee,  
 To thy woe sigh kindred woe.

From the Gentleman's Magazine.

MR. URBAN,

I am but a mental wanderer over the interesting Field of Waterloo ; and in one of those excursions to which we have often been invited by the prolusions of the actual Tourist, the following Inscription to the memory of its fallen Heroes was composed. R. E.

#### ODE

Written in the year 1817. By the Revd. R. EXTON.

**S**WEET, when the strife of time is past,  
 The weary pilgrim's rest ;  
 When o'er his form the fresh sod cast  
 Lies lightly on his breast :  
 No orphan there may urge his cry,  
 No childless parent strain the eye,  
 No country pour its mingled sigh ;  
 Yet hallow'd is his grave.

Far sweeter---when the glorious toil  
 That nerv'd the Warrior's might,  
 With crested Victory's cheering smile  
 Hath bless'd his eager sight ;  
 And Fate's aspiring\* shaft hath sped,  
 And weeping comrades o'er his bed  
 (High Valour's meed !) their tribute shed---  
 The slumbers of the brave !

Around the turf where these repose  
 Shall sweets perennial bloom  
 Their earliest, latest charm disclose,  
 To deck each verdant tomb :  
 Here shall stern Honour bend to weep,  
 Affection here her vigils keep  
 And grateful Freedom guard their sleep  
 From fell Ambition's rage :  
 Here meek-eyed peace shall love to dwell,  
 And bless the hoary swain  
 Who points the spot where Heroes fell,  
 To fix her gentle reign :  
 And Poësy shall weave for them  
 Her amaranthine diadem,  
 While History yields her brightest gem  
 To grace their deathless page !

\* Death loves a shining mark.—Young.

From the Gentleman's Magazine, Feb. 1818.

#### LINES

On the Interment of a lovely Infant. By W. HAMILTON REID.

**H**ERE the beauteous slumberer bear,  
 Soft, ye Zephyrs, smooth the air ;  
 Earth, thy fragrant breast unfold,  
 Lightly lay the hallow'd mould.  
 Twine, ye Woodbines, round his tomb ;  
 Roses, Lilies, lend your bloom ;  
 Yet no flow'rets e'er can shew  
 Half the charms that fade below.  
 Feet unhallow'd, shun this shade :  
 Here an angel-form is laid.  
 Cherubs here their vigils keep,  
 Ever watch, and ever weep.

### INTELLIGENCE.

From the London Magazines for March, 1818.

**T**HE following statement is contained in a Paris Journal :---

Madame de Staël's work on the French Revolution will soon appear ; it forms three volumes, and 36,000 francs have been paid for the manuscript : This has been thought an extraordinary price. Delille, who derived more profit from his productions than any modern author, sold the *Æneid* for 16,000 francs. Blair received 46,000 francs for a single volume of sermons ; and Beaumarchais purchased for 200,000 francs the posthumous works of Voltaire. The value of Madame de Staël's manuscript is increased by her name, her reputation, and the supposition that she will reveal many important secrets. We have reason to fear, that the hopes of the curious will be in some measure defeated. Those who have examined the manuscript are of opinion, that M. Necker is too frequently mentioned. All that can be said respecting that minister has already been submitted to the public. Some have extolled him to the skies, other have overwhelmed him with censure. He does not deserve to be treated in either way ; by doing too much for one party and too little for the other, he rendered himself obnoxious to all : he retains only a limited number of partisans, who look upon him as

an extraordinary being. Madame de Staël represents him in this latter point of view ; she praises him to satiety ; and that portion of the new work which relates to M. Necker is the most wearisome and least curious of the whole. The manuscript was submitted to the examination of the police before it was sent to the press : some retrenchments have been made, and some passages altered ; but, such as it is, it well deserves public attention.

The first part of the *Encyclopedia Metropolitana* has made its appearance : and, whatever may have been the expectations which were excited by its prospectus, they will not be frustrated by a critical examination of the contents. It would be a difficult task to decide on the relative merits of the different Cyclopedias, which, within these few years have laid claim to public favour ; but, of the work before us, we can assert that it appears to be executed throughout with anxious care, and, in some of its departments, with great ability, accompanied with features of originality not often to be met with in this species of publication.

Mr. MONTGOMERY has nearly ready for the press, a new Volume entitled "Greenland and other Poems."